

The
Galler







The

Catler



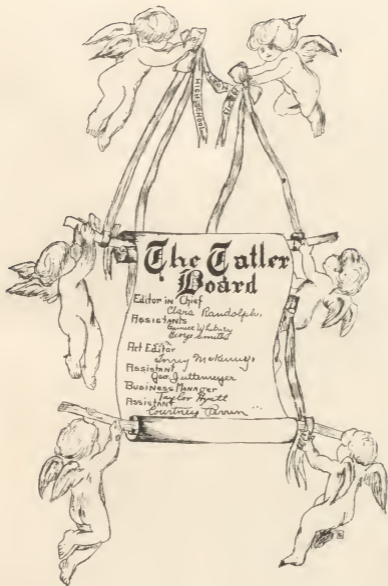
Foreward

The purpose of the TATLER is to serve as a record of the school life during the school year of 1910-1911. Without the aid and assistance of our principal and teacher, it would have been impossible for the Junior Class to do this. *Therefore, with great thanks, we, the Class of 1912, dedicate this book to our Principal, B. C. Richardson.*



TATLER BOARD







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Science.

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Music Supervisor.



Class Day Program

June 16, 1910

Class History,	Joseph Degenhardt
Oration—"Americans the World Over,"	August Luer
Music, Class Trio,	Emily Hoefert, Ruth Moran, Rhea Curdie
Class Poem,	Louis Walter
Recitation—"The Heart of Old Hickory,"	Elizabeth Johnstone
Vocal Solo—"Schubert's Serenade,"	Elliot F. Taylor
Class Prophecy,	Myrtle Boals
Class Will,	Joseph Wright
Music—Class Song.	
Address to Juniors	James Coleman
Cane Presentation,	Elden Betts
Music,	Orchestra

Commencement Day Program

June 17, 1910

Music—"Marche aux Flambeaux,"	Orchestra
Invocation,	Rev. G. L. Clark
Music—"The Lord is Great,"	Girls' Chorus
Salutatory,	Edna Catherine Smith
Music—Vocal Solo,	Emily Louise Hoefert
Address—"Education and Citizenship,"	Mr. Harry A. Atwood
Music—"Come Out into the Sunshine,"	Girls' Chorus
Valedictory,	Edith May Browne
Presentation of Diplomas,	Dr. G. E. Wilkinson
Music—"Tannhäuser March,"	Orchestra

Benediction.

Commencement Program

Mid-Winter Class of 1911

February 3, 1911

Music—"Marche aux Flambeaux,"	Orchestra
Invocation,	Rev. W. T. Cline
Music,	String Quartette
Carl Hartmann,	Rudolph Horn,
Cora Wuerker,	B. C. Richardson.
Class President's Address,	Ruby Camilla Russell
Address—"Making a Living,"	Prof. W. H. Shryock
Violin Solo—"Andante Religioso,"	Cora Wuerker
Presentation of Diplomas,	J. W. Beall
Music,	String Quartette
Carl Hartmann,	Rudolph Horn,
Cora Wuerker,	B. C. Richardson.

Benediction.

February Class of 1911

Colors: Brown and Gold

MOTTO—' In Right is Strength.'

Officers

Ruby Russell . . . President
Cora Wuerker, Sec'y and Treas.

Class Roll

Hattie Florence Bilderbeck.
"Every footstep fell as lightly as
a sunbeam on water."

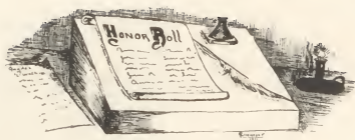
Florence May Harris.
"She is a precious jewel."

Jennie June McKee.
"Her acts are modest and her
words discreet."

Ruby Camilla Russell.
"She is as virtuous as she is fair."

Cora Wuerker.
"Her feelings and her thoughts
tend ever on and rest not in the
Present."





Second Semester 1909-1910

HIGH HONOR ROLL

No grade below excellent and no demerits:

Dorothy Browne	Agnes Powell
Edith Lowe	George Smith
John Ryrie	Ethel Waltrip
Gladys May	Adele Sotier

HONOR ROLL

No grade below 85 and not more than three demerits:

Frederic Norton	Flora Broglie
Frank Morfoot	Vera Greeling
Louise Sevier	Adele Strubel
Lelia Bauer	Edward Duis
Dora Bennes	Edna Gerbig
Robert Bradshaw	Clarke Gillham
Walter Burns	Nora Hinderhan
Henry Carstens	Alice Joesting
Dell Dahlstrom	Rudolph Knight
Thomas Haycraft	Emily Nixon
Cora Pile	Paul Scott
Clara Randolph	Edna Southard

Alma Armour
 Eunice Redmon
 Edward Stafford
 Adolph Wuerker

First Semester 1910-1911

HIGH HONOR ROLL

No grade below excellent and no demerits:

Edith Lowe

Elizabeth Dormann

Ethel Waltrip

Paul Scott

HONOR ROLL

No grade below 85 and not more than three demerits:

Dorothy Browne

Adele Strubel

Hermon Cole

Eunice Whitney

Verneda Jacoby

John Ryrle

Marcella Sherwood

James Forbes

Matilda Yager

Clarke Gillham

Rudolph Knight

Gladys May

Flora Glen

Ruby Sidwell

Frank Morfoot

Mamie Snyder

Louise Sevier

Alma Armour

Eunice Redmon

Emma Ballinger

Adele Sotier

Walter Burns

Adolph Wuerker

Eula Green

Ruby Rosebery

George Smith

Elizabeth Rose

Oh! the A. H. S. is a Wonderful Place

On a warm school day for the want of play,
A poor Junior had fallen to sleep,
His spirit had gone to the realms of song,
And with wonder we heard him cheep:

"Oh! the A. H. S. is a wonderful place,
For the growth of a boy or girl,
Enough is said that it wakes the dead,
And sets them all in a whirl.

"The Faculty, too, is not a hoodoo,
But the best as we all can see,
With their M. B. A. and a Ph. B.,
And an A. M., Ph. D.

"Through the crumbling walls of history's halls,
Oh! the sights it brings to view,
While through science deep, with a mighty sweep,
It deals with the old and new.

"Now any old thing that the old gods bring,
In centuries past or to come,
'Tis our humble guess, that the A. H. S.
Can tell just how 'tis done."

Our B. C. dear, with a manner austere,
Had happened along just then.
"A demerit," he said, "you report to me."
Then we heard him sing the refrain.

A sort of thrall seemed to seize us all,
As we hummed the magic rhyme,
When into the street the song complete,
Was wafted in perfect time.

The whole Bluff City took up the ditty,
Till the tuneful sound overwhelms,
And fairies catching the line just then,
Brought them safe into other realms.

"Oh! the A. H. S. is a wonderful place,
For the growth of a boy or girl,
Enough is said that it wakes the dead,
And sets them all in a whirl."

"The Faculty, too, is not a hoodoo,
But the best as we all can see,
With their M. B. A. and Ph. B.,
And an A. M., Pd. D."

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Oh! the sights that it brings to view,
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Can tell just how 'tis done.



The *Piasa Quill* Board.

The Hiawatha Quill

Eight issues, published monthly by the students during the school year, in the interests of the Alton High School, Alton, Ill.

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Entered as second-class matter, February 24th, 1908, at Alton, Ill., under Act of Congress of March 3d, 1878.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 50 CENTS THE SCHOOL YEAR.



It is the duty of every pupil of A. H. S. to subscribe for the *Quill*. The *Quill* is a good paper. The Boards are always very competent and there is no excuse for a debt hanging over the heads of the board who have worked so hard to make the paper a success. Arouse your school-spirit and subscribe for the *Quill* next year. You won't regret your 50 cents.

School Days

Oh, that day in warm September,
When we entered Alton High!
Did we think the years would come
And go so quickly by?
No! we thought the years of toil,
Would be so hard and long,
That many came with heartaches,
And not a thought of song.

But now the year is closing,
That means we'll soon be Seniors.
With many a song and never a tear,
We will drop the name of Juniors.
And then when in the years to come,
We think of days gone by,
Just for a while we'll close our eyes,
And dream of Alton High.

C. W. D., '12.

Miss W.: "Slower, Torrey, slower. Three times slower."

Torrey: "Does the sound get three times faster when it reaches the audience?"

The Pony's Fate

Scene I. (Girls' Cloakroom).

(Fourteen girls in room. Enter H. B.).

H. B.: "Oh, girls, have you heard the dreadful news about some one of our boys?"

R. R.: "Mercy, no! What news?"

H. B.: "Why, someone has been accused of stealing a horse.

All girls: "How perfectly dreadful!"

A. P.: "Was it a black horse?"

H. B.: "Yes, a black horse."

A. P.: "Then it was G. S. I saw him riding one past our house last night."

F. H.: "Well, whoever it was, will be found out, as B. C. is going to hold court, with twelve Seniors, six boys and six girls, to act as jury."

L. B.: "Then will the police get whoever they find guilty?"

C. R.: "Of course they will, and send him to the penitentiary."

G. L.: "Why, sometimes they hang them for horse-stealing."

R. R.: "Poor G.; he was such a nice boy!"

F. H.: "You girls are just as mean as you can be. You know G. didn't do it."

E. D.: "Oh, girls! What if it should be J. S. He was absent from school yesterday."

B. M.: "Oh! I never saw such a hateful, spiteful girl as you are, E. J. S. stayed home yesterday just because I did. He said it would be so lonesome here without me."

(Signal rings, and girls pass to Assembly Room.)

Scene II. Jury in box. B. C. acts as judge.

B. C.: "It is my painful duty to inform you that a theft has been committed, and the evidence that we obtain to-day will be carefully weighed by the jury and the penalty fixed by them. I have tried to make clear to the students that honesty should be the greatest aim of our lives. Without it, we can expect nothing but failure and humiliation—while with it, we may look forward to happiness and success. T. McK., will you please state to the jury what you know about this theft?"

T. McK.: "Truly, sir, I have been so busy in broad daylight, also in lamplight, upon my Latin (and writing to H. D.) I would

not have known it had they stolen myself. I am dreadfully sorry that I am unable to give any information."

B. C.: "Witness excused. K. B., what do you know concerning this affair?"

K. B.: "The affairs of the present have very little interest for me. In fact, sir, History interests me more. Now if you wish to know of some event of the past, I will be happy to state it to the jury. I think History will back me when I say that whenever a theft has been committed, there has been a motive for it. Now, as I know of no motive, I am afraid I can throw but little light upon the present state of affairs."

B. C.: "A. P., what do you know about this?"

A. P.: "All I know is that I saw G. S. riding a black horse yesterday, but I do not know whether he stole it or not."

B. C.: "What has that to do with the case? 'Twas a pony that was stolen, not a horse."

A. P.: "Yes, sir; I think it was a pony, a black one."

W. B.: "Mr. R., may I ask what was stolen?"

B. C.: "A pony; a black pony. A. P., will you please describe the pony that you saw in G. S.'s possession yesterday?"

A. P.: "Oh! sir; all I know is that it was black."

B. C. (holding up a book): "Did it look like this?"

A. P.: "Oh, mercy, no! It had four legs."

W. B.: "I wish I knew what was stolen."

B. C.: "A pony; a black pony (holding up a book) about this size. E. G., state what you know concerning this affair."

E. G.: "Oh! sir; I saw the pony inside one of the boy's hats as I passed their cloak-room. I also saw the name, H. S., on the fly leaf."

B. C.: "In whose hat was it?"

E. G.: "I think it was in one of the boy's hats, but I'm not certain. I will show the jury the hat."

(E. G. and jury leave the room.) Jury returns after one minute's deliberation with the following

VERDICT:

We, the jury, after careful weighing of the evidence submitted, find that it is no crime to steal a pony from H. S.

The Five "Ations"

Our teachers always tell us all,
With much of exhortation,
That to our studies we must give
Much more careful exertion.

B. C. says that we must go,
O terrible tribulation!
But we have lots of fun tho,
In the dreaded recitation.

As tho our minds and feelings
Were lacking in elation,
We must meet with a third trial,
This time, examination.

But now we are free at last,
Past is all our privation;
And now we leave with great joy,
On our longed for vacation.

And now all trials have passed away,
There's naught but exultation.
We begin our work and troubles.
With you, dear graduation.

Autumn.

Autumn, bright and lovely,
Comes o'er hill and dell,
Sending Frost, her messenger,
Her coming to foretell.

Seeming a vision of beauty,
In dress of gold and red,
Stepping lightly o'er the grass,
Leaving it sear and dead.

Crowned with purple asters,
Carrying golden-rod,
Leaving a path of rustling leaves,
Where'er her feet have trod.

Bringing days of brightness,
With skies of hazy blue,
Leaving behind chrysanthemums
Of many a lovely hue.

Touching nuts in the treetops,
By her frosty fingers, browned,
Losing their hold from their cradles,
They come tumbling to the ground.

Bringing chilly north winds,
Cosiness and cheer,
Saying as she leaves us,
"I'll be back next year".

E. W. '12.

DRAMATICS





Scenes from "Cupid at Vassar."

"Cupid at Vassar"

A COLLEGE COMEDY DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

GIVEN BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF ALTON HIGH
SCHOOL FOR BENEFIT OF
"THE TATLER."

Cast of Characters.

John Willett, a young architect	Taylor Hyatt
Amos North, of North & Son, bankers.....	Torrey McKenny
Shiny, a lazy darkey.....	Courtney Perrin
Hank Gubbin, the "hired man".....	George Juttemeyer
Mrs. Newton, of Great Falls, Vermont	Frances Hurlbutt
Kate, her daughter	Eunice Whitney
Wanda, Kate's half sister.....	Bessie Morris
Miss Page.....	Dell Dahlstrom
Sally Webb.....	Clara Randolph
Matty Hart	Helen Boals
Patty Snow	Lelia Bauer
Alice Worth.....	Marie Floss
Helen Conway.....	Upha Peters
Miss Anderson.....	Lulu Halsey

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Scene—Sitting room of Kate's home in Vermont. (At the old home).

ACT II. Scene—Kate's sitting room at Vassar.

ACT III. Scene—Same as Act I. (Spring Vacation).

ACT IV. Scene—College Campus at Vassar. (Graduation Day).

"Cupid at Nassau."



HE TATLER is the chance of all chances for the Juniors to talk about their own affairs. Will we ever forget the night of May 12, 1911? No! 'It is down in deep red letters on our calendar. When the orchestra began to play, our knees began to shake, but it was not so terrible when we had once come out into the limelight. We could see only a few people in the audience and forget about them soon.

Who could have acted the part of "Shiny" better than Courtney? His name certainly applied well. His face was an excellent mirror. Any one might well envy his knowledge. For instance, his name for mud. No professor could have done better.

Didn't Frances make an ideal mother? Weren't her actions maternal?

No one could have done the high dive at his first appearance better than Hank did. Do you blame him for wanting to see Kate graduate? Didn't he look charming in the last act?

Didn't Dell act like an old maid? I know you never thought it of Dell, but she's got the old maidish actions all right. Do you blame her for getting hot—excuse me, I mean warm. We would, too, if we were sitting on some hot fudge. Wouldn't you like to have one of the darling little curls that bobbed right over her ears? You can't have them; they were fastened on.

Didn't you want a piece of fudge when the college girls made it? We wanted a piece, too, but we didn't get it. Miss Page had no sympathy at all for us.

Who could have giggled more naturally than Upha? Wasn't she an ideal little Freshman? Didn't she treat Miss Page with respect? She certainly was the baby of the cast. Who could have looked daintier and sweeter than the other college girls? If you could have tasted some of that fudge you would have been convinced that what I say is true.

My! I almost forgot the four principal characters. Didn't Torrey make an excellent villain? Who could have given up in the last act more graciously than he? None of our other boys would have had nerve enough to rob a house, nor none could have gotten out quicker than he when he saw "Shiny's" revolver.

Didn't Taylor make a charming architect? Who could have shown himself more of a man than he? Didn't he and Kate look sweet at the very last? That brings Kate to my mind.

Didn't Eunice make an ideal idol for Amos and John?

Didn't "Shiny" tell the truth when he said that Kate and John made a mighty fine couple?

Who could have taken all the advice given her by her numerous friends with better grace than Eunice? Didn't she look sweet in the old clothes of her grandmother? Who could have been more considerate of Wanda than she was?

Wanda? Who could have shown the deceitfulness of nature better than she did? Wasn't she dear when she proposed to Amos?

Did you know that we went all the way through the play without being prompted once? Wasn't that fine? I am sure the "Anne of Old Salem" cast could not have done better.

Didn't the college girls look sweet in the first of the second act? Do you blame them for eyeing Amos with curious eyes when he came in dressed for the reception? I am sure that he was the envy of all the young gentlemen in the audience.

Didn't "Shiny" look stunning in his full dress suit? Oh, the snow-ball in his button-hole!

Didn't you want to help Amos talk to Kate in the first act? He would have appreciated your assistance. Didn't you sympathize with him when John revealed his deeds in the third act?

You don't know how bad it made us college girls feel when we interrupted the sentimental little scene at the last of the fourth act, but it was in the play—we had to do it. That's what comes of being dictated to by some one. Kate and John know we would not have done it on purpose for the world, because we know they did not want us to do it.

How on earth did Miss Page keep from laughing when she came in? B. C. could not have kept his face straighter. I am so sorry she ruined that fudge. She is not conscious of her guilt though, so all is well. I trust she cooled off soon.

Let's get "Shiny" and give him some of our superfluous book knowledge. It will do him no harm.

Although we did not have such a large crowd as the play had last year, we were fortunate in our profits. We cleared \$175.00. The appreciative nature of the audience did so much to make the play a success. It seems so good to feel that some one appreciates your efforts.

Fun, Frolic, Fancy



ON THE evening of May 5th, the Seniors gave a very delightful entertainment. The entertainment was in three parts. From 7:30 to 9:15 there was Fun and Frolic of all discrepancies. Madame Kelsey furnished music with her ghost-like humanophone. The Oriental Dancers, brought from the far East, gave many pretty dances and tripped the light fantastic toe very gracefully. Many of our girls had their fortunes read and went home and dreamt of the knight who was to come and carry them off. I'm not saying that some of the boys did not do the same.

The moving picture show was one of the most wonderful shows in the Fun and Frolic. Three stages of woman's dress were given. The quaint dresses that our grandmothers wore are still very sweet; then the hobble skirt worn by our mothers and the harem skirt worn by our friends. Dr. Volz, Painless Dentist, gave a demonstration of his art; Sarah Bernhardt explained to our girls why and how her hair always looked so nice. Candy and ice cream were sold throughout the evening.

Part II was given in the Auditorium at 9:15.

Music	High School Orchestra
An Operatic (Song)	Garfield Primary
Recitation	Josephine Waldrip
Rainy Daisies (Song)	Garfield Primary
Indian Club Drill	Girls' Gymnasium Class
Music	Orchestra

Part III was given in the Auditorium at 9:45. It consisted of a play, "How the Vote was Won". The hero seemed to have lots of female relatives who claimed him as their nearest male relatives. The audience sympathized with him. The poor fellow finally consents to be a factor in the suffragette cause.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Horace Cole, a Clerk about 30.....	Frank Morfoot
Ethel, His Wife, 22.....	Edith Tonsor
Winifred, Her Sister, an Agitator.....	Gertrude Kelsey
Agatha Cole, Horace's Sister, a Governess.....	Edith Lowe
Molly, His Niece, an Authoress.....	Helen Holl
Madame Christine, His Distant Relation, a Modiste.....	Katherine Burns
Maude Sparks, His First Cousin, an Actress.....	Flora Glen
Miss Lizzie Wilkins, His Aunt who keeps a boarding house	Josephine Waldrip
Lilly, His Maid of all work.....	Hilda Stafford
Gerald Williams, His Neighbor.....	Herman Cole

Scene: Living room in Horace Cole's house at Brixton, England.

Time: Late afternoon on a spring day in any year in the future.

“Handicapped”

This clever little farce was given by the Illini Society. Much fun is caused by Mr. Thurston being unable to tell the twins apart. It was a very queer coincidence that Rev. Stiggs and Mr. Thurston should get their coats mixed on the train.

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. Lawton		Calanthe Brueggeman
	Principal of Summerville Academy.	
Miss Pinks—a teacher		Edith Lowe
Georgiana	} Pupils Helen Hall
Roberta Mary Ryrie
Gertie Florence Hurley
May Cora Pile
Nellie, Mrs. Lawton's daughter Tula Baker
Molly, the maid		Edith Lagemann
Edward Thurston, Nellie's cousin		Torrey McKenny
Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Lawton's sister		Martha Stanley
Rev. Theophilus Stiggs		Karl Bockstruck

“A Cup of Coffer”

It has been the custom in the Pushmataha Society for the Seniors to give the last program. We do this because we won't get a chance to see our Seniors stand up before us in society much more, and we want to get one last good look at our society brothers and sisters.

The main part of the program was a little farce given by ten of our Senior girls entitled, “A Cup of Coffee.”

CHARACTERS.

Edith Tonsor		Mrs. Matilda Ryan
Gertrude Kelsey		A Cobbler's Wife
Kathryn Burns		Mrs. Rose O'Brien
Verneda Jacoby		A lady Collector for Aid Society
Mary March		A Saleswoman
Louise Sevier		A Lady
Elizabeth Caldwell }	} Two Children	
Rosalie Zaugg }		
Marcella Sherwood		Alice, Matilda's friend
Flora Glen		Jennie, Matilda's maid



Alton High School.

High School Lecture Course



THE first number of the High School Lecture Course was given by "John Eberly Concert Co.", in the High School Auditorium on November 23d. The company was made up of four members: John Eberly, baritone; Miss M. J. Reed, reader; Miss Elizabeth Weedman, soprano; Miss Alice Cary, violinist. Each number was encoed and a few were brought back the third time. The program given was exceptionally good and something no one could well afford to miss.

The second number of the Course was given by Bishop Frank Bristol on December 9th. His topic for the evening was "Brains." The subject did not sound very interesting when announced, but he made it unusually interesting.

The third number of the Course was given by the Parland-Newhall Co. on January 27th. The company consisted of the following members: J. Lincoln Newhall, first tenor and cornet; Steward A. Smith, second tenor and French horn; John F. McCarthy, first bass, violin soloist and cornet; Ralph H. Parland, second bass and trombone. This was a very select program. They were professional bell-ringers. The program given contained good humor. This was one of the best attended numbers of the Course.

The fourth number of the Course was given by "The Pierces," on March 3d. They are excellent entertainers. The program was mainly humorous. Mr. Pierce appeared at his best in the impersonation of odd characters. Mrs. Pierce was exceptionally good in the impersonation of a little girl. All their numbers were given in costumes suiting the parts. On account of the postponement of the engagement, The Pierces were put to a great expense by coming to Alton, and they gave a second program on the following evening for the benefit of the Senior Class. The Seniors worked hard all day Saturday and were favored with a fair-sized crowd. Their share of the profit was ten dollars.

The fifth number of the Course was given by Ralph Parlette on April 12th. His subject was: "The University of Hard Knocks." He prides himself in his awkwardness and makes a very comical appearance on the stage. His words are accompanied with such gestures as to make the audience laugh in spite of itself. He is the editor of *Lyceumite and Talent*.

This course was not a financial success, but another lecture course will be given next year, which will prove to be as good as this one was. The price of a season ticket will be lowered to \$1.00.

The numbers on the course will be as follows:

1. Lecture by Capt. Richmond P. Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac. Capt. Hobson is an excellent speaker and has a national reputation.
2. The International Operatic Co. This company consists of four singers and a pianist. They will put on some scenes from grand opera in costume.
3. The Fischer-Shipp Co. Another company of four singers and entertainers, one of the best on the platform.
4. Walden, a magician. Everybody enjoys the harmless tricks and instructive amusement of the magician.
5. The Castle Square Entertainers. A male quartette who play on horns and do various interesting things.

Such a course can not but be worth the low price of a season ticket, and it is hoped that a large number will attend.

Physicians' Lectures



A SERIES of lectures is being given by ten physicians of Alton. They are given in the High School Auditorium for the benefit of the pupils. The lectures are very interesting and helpful. The first lecture was given by Dr. Mather Pfeiffenberger, an alumnus of our High School. His subject was: "Infectious Diseases and Prevention." He compared the germs of disease to an invading army. He also outlined the rest of the lectures.

The second number was given by Dr. J. B. Hastings. His subject was "Tuberculosis," and he especially emphasized the care which should be taken to prevent the disease. The talk contained much valuable information which may be used very profitably by the students in the future.

The third lecture was given by Dr. F. W. Jones on "Care of the Eye." If his advice was followed by more of our pupils, they would have no trouble with their eyes.

I Remember, I Remember

I remember, I remember,
The day we entered High.
The way those Seniors gazed at us,
It almost made us cry.
The teachers spoke real kindly,
We felt like children small,
But after a month or two,
We feared no one at all.

I remember, I remember,
When as Sophomores we stood.
How we studied hard our lessons,
And thought we were so good.
Our report cards showed quite plainly,
Too much talking we had done,
And for a short time thereafter,
We dispensed with all our fun.

I remember, I remember,
The fall of nineteen ten,
When we came back the third year,
To work our brains again.
When our Tatler Board was chosen,
About the quarrels that day,
When the cast was all selected,
And when we gave our play.

I remember, I remember,
All these things to us so dear,
And hope that just as pleasant
Will be our Senior year.

L. B., '12.

What Happened at Junior Play Rehearsal

"SHINY" blushed when "Kate" asked him if he loved her. Of course he said he loved her. He couldn't help that. But what made him blush? He had a touch of the trouble that he accused "Miss Kate" of. "Matty's" hair became very loose and rough looking one evening. I wonder what caused that? It looks rather suspicious. He must have become vicious.

The door seemed possessed to remain open one evening. "Shiny" and "Amos" did their best to lock it. Miss Gilmore came up, said "Presto, Chango," and locked the door. The boys found they had been turning the key the wrong way.

One evening we had an audience, just a few friends, understand. Shiny said that he forgot his part when he looked at a certain one in the audience. That's what I call strange.

The fudge made at the fudge party is the best ever made. The recipe for the fudge made at "The Temple" at the first dress rehearsal. The chafing dish must be filled with clear water. We had no spoon so a stick did just as well. The stick flavored the fudge (which we didn't get to eat) and must have tasted good. Miss Page, the severe, came in just then and spoiled our fun, and I studied so hard while she was sitting on the fudge that I really can not remember how the fudge tasted. Strange to relate I have forgotten what I studied at that time.

You who have experienced the thrill of excitement when the orchestra begins to play know how we felt at the first dress rehearsal, saying nothing of what we felt afterwards.

This is "Shiny's" definition for an aeon, but Webster does not agree with him: "An aeon is a word used by educated persons to represent something dat don't mean nothing. For example: H'if ar should say an aeon is coming here to breakfast tomorrow morning h'it wouldn't mean dat any one special was coming. No!—It am used simply as a fig of speech to show de difference between what am and what would be if it wasn't."

Although this is not leap year Wanda blushingly proposed to "Amos" at all the practices. Imagine his surprise.

When the Seniors had practice the same night as ours, one certain member of our cast mysteriously disappeared. "I do hope that we didn't drive him away."

High School from a Janitor's Viewpoint



HOW good it makes me feel when I watch the boys go up the steps in the morning. They all seem so good-natured. Sometimes when I go up onto the second floor myself I see the boys still good-natured and jolly, but the girls keep pace with them now. Of course the boys couldn't let the girls get ahead of them. (They often do, though). I see various groups of two about the Assembly Room. In some places you see a group of girls with one lonesome boy. He stands up for himself for a short time, but he soon must give over to the suffragette's rule.

When signal rings, all is supposed to be quiet, but you see a book go up over the face and know that the person is thoroughly enjoying himself. When the classes pass the teachers earnestly endeavor to keep order in the lines but very seldom succeed. They may think they do, but they don't, "but what they don't know isn't going to hurt them."

At noon the boys and girls have another good time. I often wish I might have a good time with them.

After school it is my painful duty to sweep the Assembly Hall. I always leave them to their fun until the signal rings. Then I come in with my brush on my shoulder and sweep all "the trash" away. No matter how hard I sweep, some move over the danger-line and are safe. The room may be wanted for play practice. Then I get a good scolding for having the windows up. I wonder which they would rather do, be cold for a little while or suffocate on account of the dust. At any rate, they must be chilly a few minutes, if they must disturb my peace with their noise.

I find many queer things on the floor, sheets of paper neatly folded and when opened disclose a very sweet salutation which may suit the one who it was intended for alright, but not me. I wish that one had it. Peanut shells lie in the Senior section. Senior boys are

evidently something like elephants. In the Freshmen section I often find fragments of a doll or some other toy that those dear little babies bring to school to help pass the hours away. The Juniors are always very secret about their affairs. Their waste basket runs over with paper about an inch square. The boys practice base-ball with the waste-basket for the bat and a piece of paper for the ball. They are not all good pitchers. I would be afraid that they would hit me instead of the bat. Finally, it grows dark in the room and the building, so I leave my work to take it up again in the morning and enjoy another day such as I have enjoyed to-day.

ADVERTISEMENTS

For Sale

- FOR SALE—An Auto by a man with a tank that holds five gallons.
- FOR SALE—All kinds of demerits. Please apply to John Shine.
- FOR SALE—Valuable advice concerning the suffragette movement. Apply to Leo.

Found

- FOUND—A wagon by a Freshman with a loose wheel and no tongue.
- FOUND—A mirror by a Sophomore with a cracked face.
- FOUND—All kinds of excuses that should have reached B.C.'s office but didn't do it.

Lost

- LOST—A heart by a Freshman that beat for somebody.
- LOST—Somewhere in the High School a note from one of my numerous suitors. Finder please return same to Sidney Gaskins and receive liberal reward, as it is much needed in a case of "breach of promise."
- LOST—Several hours of sleep by certain High School boys, when waiting for certain High School girls to come from play practice. Finder may keep, as boys do not begrudge the loss.

Alumni Association

OFFICERS:

Mr. Elden Betts, President.

Miss Esther Duncan, Vice-President.

Mrs. B. C. Richardson, Secretary.

Mrs. Chas. Yager, Treasurer.

Mrs. Chas. Levis, Historian.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

Mr. C. M. Yager, Chairman; Mrs. Allen Keiser, Mrs. H. M. Schweppe, Prof. R. A. Haight, *ex-officio*, Prof. B. C. Richardson, *ex-officio*.

In the Alumni Association it is a rule that the president of the graduating class of the High School shall be president of the Association. It will be very necessary for the authorities to provide some means of raising "Baby Joe" up, so as to meet the eyes of the people.

It is a wonder that he doesn't wear high-heeled shoes like Louis XIV of France to make him appear taller. We mustn't say anything about his height because we all know that too much study is the cause of it. We must make allowances for these people who study so hard.

It will be necessary for our president to sit so that he may be seen when his time comes. We won't say which one has the best voice because they both make considerable noise as a rule.

First Semester



PUSHMATAHA



Second Semester

Pushmataha Literary Society

First Semester.		Second Semester.
Rex Gary,	President.	Joseph McMullen.
Taylor Hyatt,	Vice-President.	George Smith.
Edith Tonsor,	Secretary and Treasurer.	Ruby Rosebery.

MEMBERS:

Lelia Bauer, Dora Bennes, Elmer Bierbaum, Florence Birt, Robert Bradshaw, Edith Bradish, Flora Broglie, Dorothy Browne, Kathryn Burns, Walter Burns, Bert Busse Elizabeth Caldwell, Dell Dahlstrom, Marie Fitzgerald, Rex Gary, Sidney Gaskins, Lillian Gaddis, Artimisha Getsinger, Harry Getsinger, Louise Gillham, Flora Glen, Ethel Greeling, Vera Greeling, Lyle Harford, Thomas Haycraft, William Hearne, Ada Hemken, Frances Hurlbutt, Taylor Hyatt, Verneda Jacoby, George Juttemeyer, Gertrude Kelsey, Corida Koenig, Esther Leeper, John Lemp, Grace Little,	Mary March, Joe McMullen, Viola Miller, Frank Morfoot, Bessie Morris, Emma Morris, Mae Nickels, Neild Osburn, Hazel Parrish, Upha Peters, Clara Randolph, Eunice Redmon, Ernest Rennebaum, Ruby Rosebery, Doras Rubenstein, Mildred Rutledge, John Ryrie, Mildred Scott, Louise Sevier, John Shine, Marcella Sherwood, George Smith, Russell Stewart, Hilda Straube, Adele Strubel, Edith Tonsor, Ethel Tribble, Vernon Wade, George Walker, Eugene Webb, Lillian Weber, Oscar Weber, Lillian Wentz, Eunice Whitney, Rosalie Zaugg.
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First Semester



ILLINI



Second Semester

Illi Literary Society

First Semester.

Frederic Norton,
Hermon Cole,
Cora Wuerker,

President.

Vice-President.
Secretary and Treasurer.

Second Semester.

Hermon Cole.
Paul Zerwekh.
Helen Holl.

MEMBERS:

Fannie Anderson,
Emma Ballenger,
Tula Baker,
Lovie Blanton,
Helen Boals,
Bessie Bockstruck,
Karl Bockstruck,
Charles Braun,
Calanthe Brueggemann,
Mary Caldwell,
Vivienne Carter,
Hermon Cole,
Mabel Coyle,
Otis Connerly,
Helen Didlake,
Coeina Donnelly,
Elizabeth Dormann,
Ruth Dorsey,
Hazel Eaton,
Wilbur Ellison,
Lulu Feldwisch,
Marie Floss,
Alice Green,
Eula Green,
Leo Grosh,
Earle Heagler,
Alvira Haley,
Lula Halsey,
Carl Hartmann,
Helen Holl,
Florence Hurley,
Casper Jacoby,
Theodore Kohlhepp,
Edith Lagemann,
Katherine Lee,

Walter Levis,
Edith Lowe,
Max Masel,
Gertrude Maul,
Robert May,
Torrey McKenny,
Bessie McKee,
Katherine Meriwether,
Frederic Norton,
Courtney Perrin,
Blanche Peters,
Cora Pile,
Agnes Powell,
Elizabeth Quigley,
Amelia Ringemann
Frances Robertson,
Ray Riggs,
Flora Riley,
Moreland Rintoul,
Reba Russell,
Mary Ryrie,
Adele Sotier,
Hilda Stafford,
Martha Stanley,
William Stritmatter,
Elliott Taylor,
Lucian Taylor,
Marjorie Taylor,
Theodosia Taylor,
Carl Volz,
Ethel Waltrip
Josephine Waldrip,
Matilda Yager,
Paul Zerwekh.

FIRST SEMESTER



KANAWHA



SECOND SEMESTER

Kanawha Literary Society.

First Semester.		Second Semester.
James Forbes.	President.	John Heagler.
Isabella Brooke.	Vice-President.	Clark Gillham.
John Heagler.	Secretary-Treasurer.	Walter Wood.

MEMBERS.

Leslie Alt,	Elizabeth Martin.
Alma Armour.	Nellie Mather.
Lucy Bailey.	Ora Marum.
Blanche Bell.	Gladys May.
Byron Bivens.	Harry Moldafsky.
Magaret Boals.	James Morgan
Isabelle Brooke.	Paul Neff.
Inez Buckstrup.	Emily Nixon.
Kathleen Crandall.	Rosalie O'Brien.
Lynn Dolbow.	Oliver Pratz.
Samuel Findley.	Eugene Price.
Clarence Fischer.	Vera Reiley.
Irene Flach.	Marion Roper.
James Forbes.	Arnold Rosebery.
Edna Gerbig.	Bert Russell.
Blanch Gilbert.	Dwight Shaff.
Clark Gillham.	Dorothy Shaller.
Tillie Guertler.	Clyde Schmoeller.
Harold Harford.	Paul Scott.
John Heagler.	Ruby Sidwell.
Houston Hope.	Mamie Snyder.
Emma Horn.	Harold Stillwell.
Rudolph Horn.	Edward Stafford.
Aeola Hyatt.	Lillian Talmage.
Ernest Jackson.	Joseph Walters.
Alice Joesting.	Emma Watkins.
Rudolph Knight.	Elva Weber.
Grace Lavenne.	Henry Werts.
Leonore Lehne.	Walter Wood.
Katherine Lindley.	Adolph Wuerker.
Marie Lowe.	Barnett Yaeger.

First
Semester



SODALITAS
LATINA



Secunda
Semester

Sodalitas Latina

First Semester.
Frank Morfoot,
Paul Zerwekh,
Elizabeth Caldwell,
Lucian Taylor:

President,
Vice-President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

Second Semester.
Paul Zerwekh.
Thomas Haycraft.
Mary Ryrie.
John Ryrie.

Pecuniam enumerans
Dum rex manet in officina,
Dum mel et panem consumans
Regina stat hic in culina,
Suspendens vestes ad aera
Iam servula in horto stabat,
Et devolabat merula,
Et nasum eius vellicabat.

Ranunculi in ludo.

Viginti ranunculi in ludum prope
Iunceum stagnum ibant—
Viginti parvae virides togae,
Viginti tunicae albae et nitidae,
Magister rana, in stipite,
Docuit eos quomodo dicerent, "Kerchog"
Docuit eos quomodo generose elaborarent,
Item salirent et se in aquam demergerent.
Demonstravit quomodo ictum vitarent
Furtium quos improbi pueri iacerent.
Viginti ranunculi mox adoleverunt
Ranae iam facti sunt,
Nullum praeceptum neglexerunt,
Nullus caudex inter omnes.
Nunc sedent in aliis stipitibus
Docentes alios ranunculos.

"Sauviter in modo, fortiter in re."—E. C.

"In amicitia autem nihil fictum, nihil simulatum."—J. R. and G. K.

"Alterius non sit, qui suus esse potest."—R. G.

"Parvum parva decent."—J. M., E. S., and M. F.

"Credula res amor est."—J. S.

First Semester



DER
DEUTSCHE
VEREIN



Second Semester

Der Zwerg



“ICH möchte wissen, wie viel wirklich wahr ist, wenn überhaupt etwas wahres dran ist,” dachte Margotchen still vor sich hin.

Sie lag gemütlich vor dem Kamin, entweder in ein Buch, welches sie hielt, oder ins Feuer schauend. Margot war ein hübsches Mädchen etwas vierzehn Jahre alt. Die goldenen Löckchen, die ihrem Besitzer so viel Mühe machten, und um die sie von vielen ihrer Freundinnen bewundert und sogar beneidet wurde, hingen in groszer Unordnung über die Schnltern.

“Das Feuer macht mich schläfrig. Ich wünsche, es würde anhalten zu scheien und vielleicht konnte ich drauzen in die frische Luft gehen, um meine nebelichen Gedanken aufzuklären.”

Die Minuten vergingen schnell. Eine Uhr im Nebenzimmer schlug langsam die Stunde und tickte dann weiter. Alles war still. Drauzen veränderte sich die Landschaft; die groszen Schneeflocken, die immer dichter fielen, hatten alles weisz bedeckt und die Bäume beugten sich ihrer schweren Last, als der Nordwind durch ihre Äste sauste.

Margot sah das Buch wieder an und probierte zu lesen. Sie war gerade aus dem Alter heraus, wo man sich über die Wundertaten der Riesen und Feen freute und darum schien ihr das Buch, welches von Riesen erzählte, doch zu ungläublich.

“Nein, es kann doch nicht wahr gewesen sein,” dachte Margot, und unwillkürlich musste sie wohl laut gedacht haben, denn eine Stimme redete sie an. Erschrocken sah sie sich um und erblickte dort gerade vor dem Feuer einen Zwerg; dasz es so jemand gab, hatte Margot in ihrer Weisheit etliche Minuten vorher nie geglaubt. Sie dachte, er würde in Rauch vergehen und so unheimlich verschwinden, wie er gekommen war. Doch der kleine Kerl blieb stehen und schmunzelnd blinkte er Margot an.

“Es ist gewiszlich wahr und ich selber hab’s gesehen,” sagte er.

“Erzähl doch,” bat sie, als ob es sehr gewöhnlich wäre, mit einem Zwerg, der wirklich Riesen gesehen, wovon die ältesten Traditionen nur spekulieren, zu sprechen.

“Na, viele Streiche haben meine alten Freunde gemacht. Da es einen sehr groszen Backofen, um das Brot der Riesen zu backen,

brauchte, hatten zwei Riesenbrüder sich gemeinschaftlich einen Ofen gebaut. Die beiden hatten sich verabredet, dasz am Backtag, sobald das Feuer und alles bereit sei, sollte der eine, der bei dem Backofen wohnte, ein Zeichen geben und in Backtrog kratzen, dasz der andere herüber mit seinem Teige komme. Also eines Tages hort der eine Riese ein Kratzen, denkt dies sei das Zeichen, und nimmt seine Sachen hinüber. Angekommen findet er, dasz nichts bereit sei. Der andere sagt, er habe sich nur ein wenig die Rippen geschabt. Aber die beiden Riesenbrüder zankten sich und der stärkere nahm einen Stein des Backofens und warf dem andern nach. Glücklicher Weise hat er ihn nicht getroffen. Der Stein, woran die fünf Finger des Riesen deutlich abgedruckt sind, ist noch zu sehen."

Margotchen hörte dem Zwerg mit Neugierde zu und da er sah, dasz sie gerne mehr hören wollte, fing er wieder an.

"Eines Tages ging die Riesentochter unten im Tal spazieren, Hier sah sie einen Mann mit zwei Pferden pflügen. Mit groszer Freude, dasz sie ein neues Spielzeug gefunden, brachte sie Mann, Pferde und Pflug in ihrer Schurze zur Mutter und fragte diese: Was sind das für Erdwürmchen?"

"Dieselbe Mutter war eine fleiszig Hausfrau und der Kehricht, welchen sie alle Morgen auskehrte, hat einen groszen Berg gemacht und—" der Zwerg sah sich schnell um als eine laute Stimme "Margot" rief.

Margot rieb sich die Augen und schaute zur Tür. Dort stand der Nachbarsknabe, warm angezogen und mit lächelndem Gesicht. "Schlafmütz, ich hab den Schlitten drauszen und die Jungen machen schon eine Bahn im Schnee."

Sie sprang auf und war bald warm gekleidet. Mit einem letzten Blick nach dem Kamin und dem flackerndem Feuer lief sie heraus mit ihrem Freund, dem sie dann sofort ihren Traum erzählte.

ELIZABETH DORMAN.

B. C. has a thousand eyes,
And I but two;
He knows (how can I feel surprise?)
What e'er I do.

Music





High School Orchestra.

Orchestra

PIANO

Eunice Whitney

STRINGS

FIRST VIOLINS

Emma Horn
Rudolph Horn
William Stritmatter
Henry Schoeffler
Barnett Yaeger
B. C. Richardson

SECOND VIOLINS

Neild Osburn
Oliver Pratz
Henry Schindewolf
Walter Schmidt
Erwin Koch

DOUBLE BASS

Robert Bradshaw

HORNS

FIRST CORNETS

Elmer Bierbaum
Samuel Findley

SECOND CORNETS

Frances Robertson
Casper Jacoby
Clarence McMullen

FRENCH HORN

Earle Heagler

TROMBONE

John Heagler



Girls Chorus

Fannie Alderson	Marie Fitzgerald
Alma Armour	Helen Fitzgerald
Inez Buckstrup	Irene Fries
Helen Boals	Mildred Ford
Nina Baker	Lulu Feldwisch
Tula Baker	Myrtle Gent
Cassie Brown	Tillie Guertler
Calanthe Brueggeman	Alice Green
Flora Broglie	Alice Gates
Clara Bennes	Lillian Gaddis
Dora Bennes	Artimisha Getsinger
Leilia Boercker	Flora Glen
Edith Bradish	Edna Gerbig
Margaret Brown	Blanche Gilbert
Lelia Bauer	Louise Gillham
Isabelle Brooke	Helen Holl
Kathryn Burns	Emma Horn
Bessie Bockstruck	Alvira Haley
Mabel Coyle	Elsie Hartmann
Mildred Calame	Helene Heagler
Elizabeth Caldwell	Frances Hurlbutt
Mary Caldwell	Aeola Hyatt
Vivienne Carter	Ada Hemken
Ruth Dorsey	Florence Hurley
Elizabeth Dorman	Helen Hudgens
Helen Didlake	Daisy Joesting
Dell Dahlstrom	Helen Joesting
Mary Elfgren	Alice Joesting
Edith Fay	Grace Johnstone
Marie Floss	Gertrude Kelsey
Elma Frazer	Corida Koenig
Hattie Foster	Lillian Luer
Irene Flach	Bertha Luer

GIRLS' CHORUS—Continued

Helen Luer	Mabel Rundel
Leonore Lehne	Mary Ryrie
Edith Lagemann	Minnie Reister
Esther Leeper	Elizabeth Rose
Grace Little	Moreland Rintoul
Hilda Lenhardt	Marcella Sherwood
Katherine Meriwether	Martha Stanley
Sadie Meriwether	Hilda Stafford
Ora Marum	Lonise Stiritz
Gladys May	Eva Shearlock
Mary March	Adele Sotier
Nellie Mather	Gertrude Schaperkatter
Gertrude Maul	Dorothy Schaller
Viola Miller	Louise Sevier
Bessie McKee	Ruby Sidwell
Marjorie McKenny	Hilda Straube
Mae Nickels	Marjorie Taylor
Emily Nixon	Theodosia Taylor
Margaret Mohr	Ethel Tribble
Bessie Morris	Edith Tonsor
Blanche Peters	Lillian Wentz
Upha Peters	Lillian Weber
Hazel Parrish	Ruth Winchester
Agnes Powell	Bertha Wright
Alma Robinson	Bertha Wing
Eunice Redmann	Josephine Waldrip
Mildred Rutledge	Eunice Whitney
Ruby Rosebery	Gertrude Walter
Reba Russell	Ethel Waltrip
Frances Robertson	Matilda Yager
Vera Reilly	Bertha Zimmerman
Flora Riley	Elizabeth Zerwekh
Clara Randolph	Rosalie Zaugg
Amelia Ringemann	



Boys Glee Club

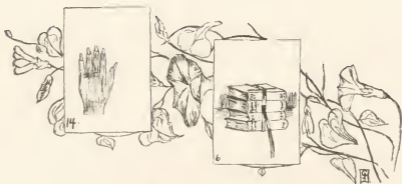
Edwin Bauer
Elmer Bierbaum
Byron Bivens
Floyd Bolton
Robert Bradshaw
Walter Burns
Bert Busse
Joe Clevenger
George Dahlstrom
Edgar Degenhardt
Wilbur Ellison
Rogers Farley
Albert Fiedler
Samuel Findley
Sidney Gaskins
Harry Getsinger
Clark Gillham
John Heagler
William Hearne
Harold Hoefert
Houston Hope
Taylor Hyatt
Casper Jacoby
George Juttemeyer
Theodore Kohlhepp

Henry Kramer
Harry Modalsky
Frank Morfoot
James Morgan
Paul Neff
Neild Osburn
Courtney Perrin
Oliver Pratz
Arnold Rosebery
Herbert Schindewolf
Walter Schmidt
Clyde Schmoeller
Paul Scott
Dwight Shaff
John Shine
Theodore Smith
Harold Snutz
Edward Stafford
Russell Stewart
Frank Sutton
Carl Volz
Vernon Wade
Oscar Weber
Walter Wilson
Adolph Wuerker



Calendar





September

6. "Up, up, ye dames and laddies gay,
To the school room come today."
7. Freshmen design trade-marks for their desks in order to prevent losing themselves.
8. J. R. casts sly glances at Mabel. Gertrude looks dubious.
9. Certain Freshmen are shown what hazing really means.
14. "Em's" finger nails are one of the seven wonders of the world.
15. Mary elated over her seat in the assembly room.
16. Rex unable to be at school on account of fractured shoulder.
19. Rex returns; Edith beams.
22. Tests begin. We realize Webster was correct when he defined test, "a trial."
23. Literary societies elect officers. Pushmataha decides to be brilliant and chooses red headed ushers.
26. Alton 3, Edwardsville 0.
28. We are glad the Board of Education is interested in balloons.



October

3. Alton 20, Carrolton 0.
4. Earle C. is again looking for a new affinity.
6. *Quill* Staff elected.
10. We rejoice over our victory (?)——24-0.
11. The predominating odor of witch hazel is an excuse for restlessness among the Juniors and Seniors.
12. Certain boys find the library interesting first hour in the afternoon.
14. Em Morris decides to quit "fixing up cases."
17. Football team on a strike.
19. "Em" breaks all resolutions and goes back to her old occupation with vigor.
26. Der Deutsche Verein meets.
28. Mr. Hartmann gives us an interesting talk.



November

2. Physics classes use morning exercises as a study period. B. C. gives his usual reproof.
4. Kanawha Literary Society. Doesn't that sound classical?
11. A Freshman boy starts using Stillman's Freckle Cream.
15. Jack cannot decide whom to take to the Senior "feed."
16. Gertrude smiles her sweetest, and Jack decides.
17. The string quartette gives us a touching little ditty.
19. Push's have a feast.
21. Great excitement in the Junior and Senior sections due to the announcement of Wilbur Ellison's engagement.
22. Mr. Richardson and a dog entertain us with a duet during morning exercises.
23. The first number of the lecture course by the John Eberly Concert Co. We live in eager anticipation of Thanksgiving.



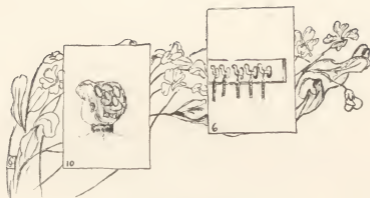
December

1. Freshmen begin writing letters to Santa Claus.
5. Julia stops school. Certain boys cease camping in the library.
6. H. H. visits the Junior girls.
7. Great calamity. Who stole that coat?
8. John S. decides "faint heart never won fair lady," and goes to call on Bess.
9. Lecture by Bishop Bristol.
13. Miss Rich censures John about his frequent visits.
15. "Rough-neck" Day.
16. E. S. T. finds that a pledge is something that ought to be kept.
19. We bring contributions for the poor.
23. "We don't have to come back to school until next year!"



January

3. All back with good resolutions, even "Shine."
4. Reports out and we vow to adhere firmly to our study resolutions.
6. All resolutions broken.
10. "We ain't got any correct answer yet," from a Senior.
11. P. Z. paints his eyebrows.
12. Juniors begin to be anxious over TATLER.
13. B. C. forcibly declares, "Thou shalt not steal."
16. We hear the exciting news that Phoebe Herbert, a Soph, has been married since July 4.
18. Hazel looks longingly at the empty seat across from her.
20. TATLER BOARD AT LAST ELECTED.
23. "Please teacher, do I have to take the final?"
31. "Bool" leaves for the South. Hazel heard singing, "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"



February

2. CLASHES!!!!!!
3. Half holiday. Mid-winter graduating exercises at 8 p.m.
6. Junior girls find that the hooks in the cloak room are leased to Seniors.
7. A Latin play is given at Latin Society.
9. It is arranged so that Jack and Gertrude may have their pictures taken at the same time.
10. Everyone all "fussed up" to have their pictures taken but—"wait till tomorrow." F. H. wears puffs.
13. Miss Rich's classes are omitted. History pupils wear beaming countenances.
14. Girls come bedecked with flowers from St. Valentine.
18. Art Editor and Editor-in-Chief hold an interesting con-fabulation.
24. Dr. Pfeiffenberger lectures.



March

1. A Freshman carries his gloves to recitations.
3. "The Pierces" entertain us.
4. Senior treasury increased \$10 by the reappearance of "The Pierces."
13. Fresh-Soph practice game, 11-5.
14. Governor Dencen is escorted from the train by the cadets, but of course the girls only went to see the Governor.
15. Dr. Hastings lectures on "Tuberculosis."
16. Helen B. sinks to the floor during morning exercises.
17. "St. Patrick's day in the morning."
20. Great excitement in Junior section. The play cast is chosen.
24. First play practice.
31. TATLER goes to press. The TATLER Board wear beaming countenances.

Senior



SENIORS—SECOND SECTION

Colors: Maroon and White.

OFFICERS.

Joseph McMullen	.	.	.	President
Rex Gary	.	.	.	Vice-President
Edith Tonsor	.	.	.	Secretary
Gertrude Kelsey	.	.	.	Treasurer

SENIORS—FIRST SECTION

Colors: Light Blue and Black.

OFFICERS.

Paul Zerwekh	.	.	.	President
Lucian Taylor	.	.	.	Vice-President
Martha Stanley	.	.	.	Secretary and Treasurer

Tula Baker.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair."

Lovie Blanton.

"Give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you."

Dorothy Browne.

"The intellect, the strength and
beauty of the soul is the best
gift of heaven."

Kathryn Burns.

"A soul to share in all my fun,
And feel for all my woes."

Elizabeth Caldwell.

"Knowledge is a wealth that ne'er
encumbers."

Hermon Cole.

"I dare do all that becomes a man."

Otis Connerly.

"A cheerfulness of soul that threw
a smile o'er every task."

Mabel Coyle.

"Oh for a glance, for a soul felt
glance, from the eye of a hero
man."





Ruth Dorsey.

"The army and navy forever."

Hazel Eaton.

"But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever."

Lulu Feldwisch.

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon."

Flora Glenn.

"The whole of his gay rollicking
train,
Mirth placed at her command."

Rex Gary.

"All power to charm."

Ethel Greeling.

"A golden mind stoops not
To shows of dross."

Carl Hartmann.

"He most lives who thinks most,
feels the noblest, acts the best."

William Hearne.

"Life is but a means unto an end."

Helen Holl.

"Wit and wisdom go hand in hand."

Earle Heagler.

When Earle has risen a humorist
to be,
"The Woman's Page" will be his
specialty.

Verneda Jacoby.

"A cheek to blush, a lip to pout,
A pure, kind heart to sigh."

Gertrude Kelsey.

"Thou, whose locks outshine the
sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one."

Katherine Lee.

This quiet lass, named Katherine
Lee,
Is very industrious as all can see!

Walter Levis.

"None but the brave deserves the
fair."

Edith Lowe.

"We live in deeds, not years,
In thoughts, not breaths."

Mary March.

"Sweet as the primrose peeps
beneath the thorn."





Joseph McMullen.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen,
lend me your ears!"

Max Masel.

"Fear not to build thine aerie in
the heights where golden splendors
lay."

Gertrude Maul.

"Was Orpheus 'self with all his
skill
So versatile as she?"

Frederic Norton.

"And on their own merits, modest
men are dumb."

Amelia Ringemann.

"Conversation is an art."

Frances Robertson.

Upon her cheeks the roses bloom,
Even in the bleak December.

Mildred Rutledge.

"Maiden with meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies."

John Ryrie.

(To Gertrude): "Come in beautiful
dreams, love."

Louise Sevier.

In striking contrast stands that
name
Beside her gentle manner.

Marcella Sherwood.

"She seemed a lily in the shade,
A violet in the bud."

Hilda Stafford.

"So sweet the maid as graceful and
as good."

Edith Tonsor.

The captain's letter on her muff
she wore,
Nor minded all the laughter of the
girls.

Carl Volz.

"God's eternal truth folded deep,
in all man's lofty dreams."

Josephine Waldrip.

"Who finds his life in such as these,
How truly wise, how truly blest."

Matilda Yager.

"'Tis beauty calls and glory leads
the way."

Rosalie Zaugg.

"The heavens such grace did lend
her
That she might admired be."





Bert Busse.

"Little I ask: my wants are few."

Helen Didlake.

"Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

Wilbur Ellison.

An athlete now; a doctor to be;
A popular youth as all agree.

Lillian Gaddis.

This dainty maid with airy grace,
Flits into the hearts of all.

Helene Heagler.

"And all about the social air,
Is sweeter for her coming."

Frank Morfoot.

His words of learned length and
thundering sound,
Amuse and awe his classmates
seated round.

Ray Riggs.

"He speaks not all he does know,
Nor is it necessary."

Mary Ryrie.

"She is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that my eyes be
true."

Mildred Scott.

"She looked down to blush and
looked up to sigh."

Martha Stanley.

Much energy does she expend
In the "*Piasa Quill's*" behalf.

Vernon Wade.

"Love is blind, and lovers cannot
see
The pretty follies that themselves
commit."

Lucian Taylor.

"From ivory keys he knows to woo
The hidden wealth of harmony."

Marjorie Taylor.

Her "crush list" often has been
changed,
And still must bear additions.

Elliott Taylor.

"Nay, I shall ne'er be aware of
mine own wit, till I break my
shins against it."

George Walker.

"Neither are his virtues lacking,
Nor are they mean or common."

Paul Zerwekh.

Oh! high he sits in Mary's heart,
Though his seat be not beside her.



The Missing Pearl



HE City Hall was in confusion. Although they were supposed to know nothing about it, every petty clerk and office boy was wasting precious time in vain conjectures as to the thief who had succeeded in making off with the money for the policemen's salaries.

The money had been securely guarded by two special policemen, whose duty it was to watch the money night and day alternately, for it was always drawn from the bank in crisp, new bills on the Friday night preceding pay-day, and not used until four o'clock Saturday.

The theft, then, had occurred between these hours. The watchmen were both above suspicion. They were old and trusted police sergeants, neither of whom could in any way have learned the combination of the safe.

Several of the clerks had occasion to enter the room, but all could prove credible alibis, and so no clue to the mystery offered, until a few days after the robbery, one of the clerks who had been questioned as to his whereabouts at the time of the robbery, which was supposed to have occurred about eight o'clock while the guard was being relieved, approached the Chief and showed him a photograph, which, he said, had been given him by a stranger. It was a picture of the City Hall, taken at eight o'clock. The night guard stood on the step with his back towards the door of the room in which the safe could be seen. Kneeling in front of the safe, turned half round so that he was facing the door, was a young man who could easily be recognized as Fred Williams, a clerk whose business it was to keep a record of the police salaries.

Fred was immediately put under arrest, but being a favorite in the town, soon secured bail. That night he sat up late into the small hours thinking of a way out of his dilemma. Then he found it.

Next morning he, with a clerk from Beardce's, the largest jewelers in the town, went to the Chief. First Fred told the Chief that the photo had been taken Thursday morning. The night guard had come to him, he said, and complained of an error in his salary. Fred had taken a book from the safe, where it was kept, to look into the matter. Then he had put the book back and locked the door as

the guard went out. At this instant the picture had been taken, and afterwards had been used to shield the guilty by throwing the blame on innocent shoulders.

The Chief looked mildly incredulous and said it would have to be proved at the trial. Fred asked that the night guard be brought in. When he came he corroborated every detail, but, the Chief, with whom Fred was no favorite, said it was necessary to prove that he had not been bribed.

Then Fred produced the crowning proof of his innocence. Turning to the jeweler's clerk he said: "What did I bring you to repair? What was to be done to it, and when did I bring it?"

"On Thursday evening you brought me a pearl pin. It was a cluster of seven pearls—six small ones set around one large one, which was missing. You told me to replace the missing pearl. I did so and you got the pin back from me next morning as you went to work," was the answer.

"If the picture was taken before Thursday evening, the centre pearl in my tie pin will be missing. If it was taken Friday morning, the pearl will be there," said Fred.

The Chief took the picture from his desk and narrowly scrutinized it with the aid of a powerful lens. "You're right," he said, "the centre pearl is missing."

He then sent for the man who had brought him the picture, but he was not to be found. He had probably made his escape after hearing what had passed through the key hole, for he had been seen loitering just outside the door.

F.M.

The optimist fell ten stories,
And from each window bar
He shouted to the inmates,
"All right so far!"

Students' Farewell

Farewell ye school rooms dark and drear,
The student's destiny;
Vacation time will soon be here
And bring us liberty.
So joyously, so merrily,
So happily we'll go
To put our books away to rest;
Oh! that is joy, Oho!

Oh! what is school but studies hard
To rack a pupil's mind?
We've tried our best and laboured long
To please our teachers kind.

Oh! take these books far, far away,
And bring us joy without delay;
There's not a pupil in the school
But wishes for the holiday.

We've had a year of work and pain;
And in the end some fail.
It causes many salty tears,
But still to no avail.

Now farewell school thou drearest place
Of all the world to us;
May the students shout thy name,
Who leave to ne'er return.
So joyously, so merrily,
So happily we'll go
To put our books away to rest;
Oh! that is joy Oho!

FLORA BROGLIE, '13.



JUNIORS—SECOND SECTION

Colors: Green and Gold.

OFFICERS.

Taylor Hyatt	.	.	.	President
Frances Hurlbutt	.	.		Vice-President
George F. Smith	.			Secretary and Treasurer

JUNIORS—FIRST SECTION

Colors: Black and Gold.

OFFICERS.

Courtney Perrin	.	.	.	President
Lula Halsey	.	.		Vice-President
Eunice Whitney	.			Secretary and Treasurer

Emma Ballinger.

She's simple, bright and happy;
She knows a thing or two,
She's not afraid of study,
Nor of work she finds to do.

Lelia Bauer.

A dainty, sweet, petite, brunette,
Of calm and quiet mien;
When others fret and fume o'er tests,
That's where her wits are keen.

Dora Bennes.

A little miss, witty and blithesome,
With eyes of truest blue,
Her school mates love her dearly,
The music muse loves her too.

Karl Bockstruck.

Tall and dark and studious,
Serious, quiet, reserved,
He dwells in the Halls of History,
Where facts from the past are preserved.

Robert Bradshaw.

Bright, happy and clever,
All bubbling over with glee;
The very biggest tease ever,
From the land where they have to
"show me."

Calanthe Brueggeman.

Always good natured and jolly,
Ready to help a friend;
Whenever a speech is needed
She can reel them off without end.

Charles Braun.

Young Charles is a studious lad,
And a studious lad is he;
He learns his German, he learns nothing
bad,
And he from the finals is free.

Walter Burris.

Another bright lad from the "show me" land
From the "show me" land is he;
With a mind to grasp and a tongue to ask,
And a store house of facts in fee.





Vivienne Carter.

With soft, brown shining eyes,
In whose depth a shadow lies.
Quiet, shy, serene and sweet,
A lass her school-mates love to greet.

Dell Dahlstrom.

Attentive and believing
In all good things is she.
Her life is filled with useful deeds,
She's happy, bright and free.

Elizabeth Dormann.

With dark brown locks and eyes of jet,
A friend in need, she'll ne'er forget;
She'll talk and write in foreign tongue,
Will cheer the aged and please the young.

Marie Fitzgerald.

She's very bright and clever too,
Her wit will charm you through and
through,
And if your own dull powers refuse,
She'll wake you up and chase the blues.

Sidney Gaskins.

An aviator, who never flew,
Is a certain boy named Sid;
It's always "What I'm going to do,"
And never "What I did."

Eula Green.

Thou whose cheek is like the rose,
With eyes of violet hue;
Beauty has not made you fickle,
There's lots of worth in you.

Lyle Harford.

The clear, frank eyes and stalwart form,
Which speak him aye a man,
Are supplemented by the traits
That in his daily life we scan.

Thomas Haycraft.

Bright, popular, free,
An excellent student he;
In Physics and Latin too,
Is surpassed by few.

Ada Hemken.

Melancholy bides not with her,
But mirth and giggling and laughter,
And they wherever Ada goes,
Are sure to follow after.

Frances Hurlbutt.

The blush of clover tints her cheek,
Adornment other needs not she.
Full in the sunshine of her glance
Stands the favored Junior, Smithly).

Florence Hurley.

In shyness like to advancing spring,
And as woodland violets modest,
While two ample bows upon her hair,
Hint of butterflies in August.

Taylor Hyatt.

Quite a dashing youth; he rules
In hearts as well as over classes:
Nor only Juniors love him well,
But every lad or lass he passes.

George Juttemeyer.

A sunny smile and a ready wit,
Well may abide together;
And both of these does George possess,
In any kind of weather.

John Lemp.

An agile wit
He has, no doubt,
And yet he never
Wears it out.

Grace Little.

She's "Little" in name,
And in stature, too,
But not of her intellect
Does this hold true.

Torrey McKenny.

Artistic in no mean degree,
Amateur actor and lover he,
When he impractical is in aught,
To love of art we lay the fault.





Blanche Peters.

Inventor she of harmonies,
 By whom most willingly are penned,
 Fair thoughts suggested by the muses,
 That on wings of song ascend.

Upha Peters.

This pretty maid is very small,
 But she has a charming smile for all.
 She has time for work and time for play,
 And in study and laughter she spends the day.

Cora Pile.

Jolly, carefree, full of fun,
 The good-will of the class she's won.
 That she's studious, too, 'tis easy to see.
 And that is a sterling quality.

Agnes Powell.

The adjectives "witty" and "small of size"
 Describe this lass quite well,
 Also "wise" and "clever," too,
 And others we've not space to tell.

Clara Randolph.

Fair and sweet is this Junior maid,
 Studious, too, it may be said:
 Her fine ability won for her
 The title of "TATLER Editor."

Ernest Rennebaum.

Ernest has for his motto, "study."
 He does it from morn till night.
 And though he's wise about everything,
 Mathematics are his delight.

Ruby Rosebery.

This Junior lass is very fair,
 With bright, blue eyes and curly hair.
 In her place of duty she's always found,
 And as a speaker she's quite renowned.

Reba Russell.

All of the Juniors are at her feet,
 And there we revel in joys complete.
 When she leads us away from the cold,
 To the fairy-land of music's birth,

John Shine.

Little cares he how many demerits
Come his way in a day;
He accepts them every one,
In his jolly, joking way.

George Smith.

In Latin he is the shining star
Of all the Junior class.
He takes delight, 'tis slyly said,
In helping a certain blonde lass.

Ethel Waldrip.

A dainty maiden, exceeding bright;
Well does she study and well recite.
Her voice is gentle, her manner meek,
For other virtues you've but to seek.

Eugene Webb.

Jolly and plucky, and happy-go-lucky,
A regular wit is he.
He makes you laugh with a merry chaff,
No matter how glum you may be.





Elmer Bierbaum.

This little lad is witty and bright,
 He does everything with all his might
 At all mathematics he is a "shark,"
 And each test paper bears a very high mark.

Helen Boals.

The Juniors love a little maid,
 Who is helpful, good and kind.
 Sweet Helen with the soft brown eyes,
 Full of music—Bright of mind.

Flora Broglie.

Her name is Flora Broglie now,
 But if she were in France
 Everyone to her would bow,
 And say "Mademoiselle de Broglie."

Cocina Donnelly.

The fragrance of the sweet spring flowers,
 The tints of sunset glow,
 Can ill compare with this sweet maid,
 Since we all love her so.

Marie Floss.

Here is a question, I want to know,
 Why do Marie's jaws always go?
 The answer to that is very simple
 You all must know she has a dimple.

Harry Getsinger.

This young man is our class sport,
 He has a sweetheart in every port.
 High grades in school he little rates;
 All he wants is plenty of 'dates.'

Vera Greeling.

Very studious, I may say,
 Ever at work, never at play.
 Really quite shy and very neat,
 Always very quiet and sweet.

Alice Green.

In friendship's wake, in peace and truth,
 Again Naomi walks with Ruth,
 But now a light gleams from afar,
 And Hazel is her guiding star.

Lula Halsey.

Bright and jolly, but when in anger,
A regular tempest is she.
The Goddess of Art is kind to her,
And loves her; so do we.

Alvira Haley.

When weighty questions are at stake,
We call Alvira to debate:
And she is quite artistic, too,
So few things she cannot do.

Edith Lagemann.

Fine selections of the rge,
And writ by men of fame,
Are handled with an added zest,
When Edith will declaim.

Leo Grosh.

"Let me have men about me who are fat,
You (Leo) wears a lean and hungry look."

Bessie McKee.

"Genteel in personage,
Conduct, and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free."

Bessie Morris.

A bright little maid
With a happy smile;
Her many recitations
Our hours beguile.

Courtney Perrin

"Full well they laughed with counterfeited
glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.
Full well the busy whisper, circling 'round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he
frowned."

Flora Riley.

Of demur and quiet mien
This little maid is always seen.
At work upon her books, to climb
Our four years' hill in shorter time.





Russell Stewart.

We grant, although he had much wit,
 He was very shy of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about.

Adele Strubel.

Adele is my name,
 And I'm as busy as I can be.
 For I have won fame
 For being as busy as a bee.

William Stritmatter.

William's eyes are large and brown,
 And shining very bright.
 Upon his face he wears no frown,
 From early morn till night.

Eunice Whitney.

There's Eli, Asa and Adeline,
 William Collins and William Dwight,
 But by the Juniors it may be seen
 That Eunice is getting there alright.

Oscar Weber.

He can be so good in school,
 Better than the rest of us,
 He can solve the X Y Z's
 Better than the rest of us.

Lillian Weber.

Basket ball is nothing at all
 For this little girl to play,
 Before very long, there will be a song
 That Lillian's wearing an A.

A Toast

Here's to one who in labor does well,
Here's to one who in Alton does dwell,
Here's to one who is never blue,
Here's to one of the Juniors true.

Here's to one who's faithful and good,
Here's to one who has evil withstood,
Here's to one who no trouble would brew,
Here's to one of the Juniors true.

Here's to one who plays basket ball well,
Here's to one whose name I won't tell,
Here's to one whose fame's ever new,
Here's to one of the Juniors true.

F. H., '12.

Be entertaining to your teachers—they mark your exam. papers.

"A prof's absence often makes the heart grow fonder."

Miss G. (in 3^d Eng.): "What is the meaning of 'The swain mistrustless of his smuttled face'?"

D. B.: "He danced so long that his face got dirty."



SOPHOMORES—SECOND SECTION

Colors: Black and Red

Walter Wood	-	-	-	-	-	President
James Forbes	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Harold Stillwell	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer

Class Roll

Leslie Alt	Marie Lowe
Lucy Bailey	Elizabeth Martin
Blanche Bell	Nellie Mather
Edith Bradish	Ora Marum
Isabelle Brooke	Gladys May
Inez Buckstrup	Katherine Meriwether
Kathleen Crandall	Viola Miller
Lynn Dolbow	Harry Moldafsky
Samuel Findley	Emma Morris
Irene Flach	Paul Neff
James Forbes	Mae Nickels
Edna Gerbig	Emily Nixon
Blanche Gilbert	Rosalie O'Brien
Clark Gillham	Eugene Price
Louise Gillham	Marian Roper
Tillie Guertler	Arnold Rosebery
Harold Harford	Clyde Schmoeller
Malcolm Harris	Paul Scott
John Heagler	Ruby Sidwell
Houston Hope	Mamie Snyder
Pearl Hopson	Harold Stillwell
Rudolph Horn	Hilda Straube
Aeola Hyatt	Marie Strunge
Ernest Jackson	Lillian Talmage
Alice Joesting	Joseph Walters
Rudolph Knight	Elva Weber
Grace Lavenue	Walter Wood
Leonore Lehne	Barnett Yaeger



Sophomores—Second Section.



Sophomores—Second Section



Sophomores—First Section.



Sophomores—First Section.

SOPHOMORES—FIRST SECTION

Edward Stafford	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Casper Jacoby	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Hazel Parrish	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Mary Caldwell	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

Class Roll

Fannie Alderson	Paul Neff
Alma Armour	Harry Nickels
Florence Birt	Neild Osburn
Byron Bivens	Hazel Parrish
Margaret Boals	Oliver Pratz
Bessie Bockstruck	Elizabeth Quigley
Walter Browne	Vera Reiley
Mary Caldwell	Eunice Redman
Clara Dupke	Moreland Rintoul
Clarence Fischer	Doris Rubenstein
Artimisha Getsinger	Bert Russell
Marguerite Hohmann	Dwight Shaff
Emma Horn	Dorothy Schaller
Casper Jacoby	Adele Sotier
Corida Koenig	Edward Stafford
Theodore Kohlhepp	Frank Sutton
Esther Leeper	Theodosia Taylor
Katherine Lindley	Ethel Tribble
Minnie May	Emma Watkins
Robert May	Lillian Wentz
James Morgan	Adolph Wuerker

Across the Line



TWO MILES south of the Rio Grande lay a little adobe school house sheltered from the heat of the sun by three great palms which nearly hid its straw covered roof from view. In that school house on a hot afternoon in April, sat a very pretty young lady clad entirely in white. Her head rested on her slender white arms and she seemed to be asleep as all the rest of the world that lay beneath that scorching sun.

Suddenly she raised her head and turned around to see who could be coming in at that hour, for few stir from beneath a protecting roof at two in the afternoon on such a day. Instantly her face lost the dreamy expression which it had before held and broke into a smile. "Hello, Pedro. What brings you here at this hour? Where have you been? I haven't seen you for a whole week."

Pedro's dark stolid countenance changed not a whit. He only pulled an envelope from somewhere about his ragged clothing and holding it toward the young lady said, "Got in Paso. It's for you, Miss Helen."

"Why, Pedro, how did you happen to get this?" said Miss Helen. Since she had had charge of this little school and of the instruction of the dozen little Mexican boys who were sent to it every morning, very much against their wills, she had had no one to whom she could speak a word of English except Pedro, the pupil whom she liked best. For had he not beaten the whole school into submission on their first and last attempt at insubordination? And Pedro also acted as interpreter, for he understood some English, and as the vocabularies of the other boys were very limited and as Miss Helen knew not a word of Mexican, nor was she learning any since she boarded at the house of a Frenchman, his services, imperfect as they were, were invaluable.

"Postoffice at 'Paso," he answered.

"Well, whatever made you think of asking if there was a letter for me?"

"You said you wanted one."

"But how on earth did you get through? The Insurrectos have strong pickets between here and El Paso."

"Me crawl through. Not stop Pedro," he answered with a gleam of scorn in his eyes.

"Well, if you can get through, I can and will. Virginia Harrison, my college chum, is going to spend six hours in El Paso, on her way

from Japan to England, where her father is to be American Consul. She can spend only six hours in El Paso as their passage is all booked from New York for a certain day. That's what this letter says."

Pedro understood but little of what she said, but he did understand that "His American Lady" was going to try to get to El Paso. It was enough.

"Can't never!" he answered vehemently.

"I will. Why, Virginia is in El Paso now; will be there till eight o'clock this evening. Only two miles away, and I haven't seen her for two years. I'll get through if all the armies of the world are between. They will let an American through. Those Insurrectos won't dare stop an American."

Pedro wasted no more words as he saw it was useless to try to dissuade her.

Miss Helen taking up her white parasol and not even putting on her hat, started out of the school house through the sage brush and scrub pines toward the north. About half a mile from the school house she was startled by a voice behind her. Turning, she saw Pedro.

"Put down that white thing. Put on Pedro's mother's black shawl and Pedro's sombrero. No get through anyhow, but never get through in white. See you way off."

Helen obeyed without a word. On they went in silence for a mile further. Then they entered a very heavily wooded stretch, and Pedro was compelled to force a passage for Helen.

In a few minutes he stopped and said, "Mexican soldiers right ahead. River only little further. Pedro got boat hid by bank."

Suddenly a voice cried out just in front of them, "Tu parese."

Instinctively she stopped. There was no use being shot at. In a minute she faced a tall burly Mexican who most unceremoniously seized her arm and led her away, paying not the least attention to her protests. In a few minutes they entered a clearing in which there were a few rude huts and tents. Her captor led her to the largest, in which stood a grizzled old man who seemed to be in command. After a short conversation between her captor and the old man, she was pointed to a mat on the floor of the hut and evidently expected to be seated. But she would not sit down, and facing the man who was eyeing her curiously, she said, "What do you mean by this outrage perpetrated upon an American? Liberate me at once."

Suddenly by the blank expression on the man's face she was awakened to the fact that he understood not a word of what she had

said. Then for the first time she noticed that Pedro was not there. She could not remember having seen him since she had been startled by the command to halt.

Then she gave up all hope of getting to El Paso that day and sitting down on the mat, began to cry. This the man must have understood for he moved out of the hut and took a seat under a palm where, though he could not see Helen, he could watch the door of the hut.

What was that? Pedro's voice most surely.

"Crawl under quick!" it said.

Quickly she obeyed and in another minute was running as fast as possible after Pedro through the forest. In two minutes they were on the banks of the Rio Grande.

"Boat is gone," said Pedro, after searching for a few moments: "Soldiers must have found it."

Just then they heard shouts in the direction from which they had come. Then for the first time she felt the seriousness of her situation. Till then she had regarded the whole adventure as a great lark; something of which she could boast to her friends when she saw them again. When she had started from the school house, she had imagined that it would be easy to get past the Mexican soldiers, whom she regarded with supreme disgust, and cross the river in Pedro's little boat. But she had discovered her mistake too late. Every second her pursuers came nearer, and her American pride rebelled at being taken back to the camp of the Mexicans, by those Insurrectos, whom she despised. But one course was left.

With a "Come on" to Pedro she plunged into the river and swam bravely toward the American shore. Close behind her was Pedro. She had not been the champion swimmer at Vassar for nothing, and she made good headway in spite of the current.

About half way across she heard a sharp report behind her and felt a stinging pain in her right arm, but she kept on swimming although every minute the pain increased. But for the sight of the American flag floating over the camp of the United States army at El Paso, she would have given up, but now the Stars and Stripes thrilled her as they had never done before and doggedly she kept on. Then suddenly all became a blank.

When she awoke she was in the most comfortable room of the Hotel El Paso. First her eyes rested on Pedro, who had not deserted her as she had thought. True, he was awkward and seemed out of place in the white room, but to Helen he could never be anything but brave Pedro. Then her eyes fell on Virginia, who answered the question that Helen asked with her eyes.

"Yes, dear, I've missed my train, but its alright because I'm going to stay right here and take care of you. You foolish little girl, getting a bullet in your arm and swimming the river just to see me. But it's just like you, for you never 'look before you leap'."

PAUL R. SCOTT, '13,



FIRST YEAR—SECOND SECTION.

Edgar Degenhardt	- - - -	President
Washington McDonald	- - - -	Vice-President
Harold Hoefert	- - - -	Secretary and Treasurer

Class Roll

Raymond Andrews	Hilda Lenhardt
Warren Ash	Helen Lowry
Edwin Bauer	Bertha Luer
Clara Bennes	Washington McDonald
Hilda Bensinger	William McDonald
Juanita Berry	Marjorie McKenny
Walter Blakely	Clarence McMullen
Mary Boals	Thomas Mayo
Margaret Brown	Sadie Meriwether
Mildred Calame	Harold Meyers
Joseph Clevenger	Harry Miller
Otto Connerly	Harvey Mottaz
George Dahlstrom	Marie Oglesby
Linza Davis	Mae Ohnsorg
Edgar Degenhardt	Roscoe Poole
Ernest Diez	Bennie Powell
John Doxsey	Harold Raines
Frank Eccles	Minnie Reister
Gordon Edgar	George Rennebaum
Mary Elfgin	Nina Rintoul
Rodgers Farley	Alma Robinson
Albert Fiedler	Walter Roper
Alvin Fitzgerald	Elizabeth Rose
Helen Fitzgerald	Mabel Rundel
Mildred Ford	Herbert Schindewolf
Hattie Foster	Harry Schlag
Elma Frazer	Walter Schmidt
Viola French	Henry Schoeffler
Alice Gates	Daisy Smith
Walter Henderson	Theodore Smith
Harold Hoefert	William Strunge
Carrie Hoppe	Gertrude Walter
John Hurley	Walter Wilson
Bessie Jackson	Ruth Winchester
Grace Johnstone	Bertha Wing
Oliver Kelly	Hazel Wing
Minnie Koehne	Elizabeth Zerwekh
Henry Kramer	Bertha Zimmerman



Freshmen—Second Section.



Freshmen - Second Section



Freshmen—Second Section.

History of 1² Class



THE JUNE CLASS of 1914, enrolling seventy-seven members, is one of the largest classes that has entered High School since the half year system has been in force, and the only class in several years that has graduated from the eighth grade without one member failing. When we entered High School everything was a change and it took us some time to get used to the system of reaching the different classes.

We were met by the Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores, who at once began to show us that we were only Freshmen. However we started out bravely, even if we were not very well acquainted.

Algebra and Physiology, which some of us had studied before, were taken up in a different manner, and we learned more about the body and about animal life. German and Latin, before which several of our number went down, proved to be our hardest studies.

After the school work was well started, a class meeting was called and officers were elected as follows: Edgar Degenhardt, President; Washington McDonald, Vice President; Harold Hoefert, Secretary and Treasurer. Washington McDonald was elected to represent us on the QUILL board.

Since the beginning of the school year, nine of our members have left school, five girls and four boys. Some are going to other schools and some have gone to work.

Arrangements were made for a game of basket ball between the Sophomores and Freshmen, the Sophomores being victorious by the score of 20-5. Later on, a game of base ball was played between the Sophomores and Freshmen, the Freshmen winning this time by the score of 12-7. Now that we have become more accustomed to High School, we will try to show our ambition in the literary and athletic work of the school, and last but not least, in our studies.

E. D., '14.



Freshmen—First Section.



Freshmen—First Section.

FIRST YEAR—FIRST SECTION.

George Walters	- - - - -	President
James Hearne	- - - - -	Vice President
Irene Fries	- - - - -	Secretary

Class Roll.

Nina Baker	Daisy Joesting
Arthur Beneze	Helen Joesting
Hazel Berry	Erwin Koch
Leilia Boercker	Helen Luer
Floyd Bolton	Lillian Luer
Cassie Brown	Elmer Magee
Charlotte Cannon	Margaret Mohr
William Demuth	William Schaefer
Edith Foy	Gertrude Schaperkotter
Irene Fries	Eva Shearlock
Myrtle Gent	Harold Smutz
Edward Gratian	Louise Stiritz
Henrietta Green	Walter Stiritz
Wilbert Hart	Alma Tinsley
Elsie Hartmann	George Walter
James Hearne	Marcus Welton
Earl Heide	Helen Williams
La Verne Hill	Bertha Wright
Helen Hudgens	Pauline Zimmerman



School Yells
and Songs



What is School Spirit?



IT IS a feeling of enthusiasm that makes school life a pleasure to all concerned. At a foot ball game it makes the air resound with cheers for our team. It makes the players feel that we have interest in them and makes them try their very best to carry off the victory. It makes the girls jump up and down along the side-lines and makes them care little for the loss of some hair pins and superfluous locks of hair. It makes the boys walk around rather nervously, waiting for the whistle to blow, with the determination to win. It makes us all sit up and take notice when anyone tries to run our school into the dust. It prompts our teachers to brighten our dull minds and poor memories with new ideas and thoughts. It interests everyone in the Junior play and the TATLER. It should cause a large attendance at the games but it DOES NOT. Why is this?

It is because not enough of our pupils have got it, have felt the thrill of an exciting foot ball game or any other game. They have not experienced the light-heartedness with which we see our boys come off the field victorious. No one can experience this thrill for you. The only way to feel this thrill is to go to the games and other contests yourself.

You cannot make the excuse that you don't know the yells and songs for there will be no excuse. The yells and songs are printed in black and white on the pages following.

Read the songs and yells, impress them on your minds. When you have done this, school spirit will come without assistance. Take an interest in school life, Come out and root.

Alton High School Songs and Yells

(Combination Yell.)

S-i-s-s——W-h-o-o-o
(Cheer)——That's what!
What's what?
That's what they all say!
What's what they all say?
Che hee, che ha, che ha ha ha
Alton High School, Rah, Rah, Rah.
(Low) oo-o-o——(cheer)! sharp and quick
" oo-o-o——(cheer)! " " "
" oo-o-o——(cheer)! " " "
Cuckoo!! Alton.

(Locomotive Yell)

Slow Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Alton, Alton!
Faster Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Alton, Alton!
Fast Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Alton, Alton!
(Cheer)

Crow Song.

Tune There were three crows sat on a tree.

- (1) There were three crows sat on a tree,
Bully for Alton High!
There were three crows sat on a tree,
Bully for Alton High!
There were three crows sat on a tree,
Their hearts were filled with ecstasy,
(Repeat) And they all flapped their wings and cried,
Bully for Alton High!
- (2) Said one old crow unto his mate,
Bully for Alton High!
Said one old crow unto his mate,
Bully for Alton High!
Said one old crow unto his mate,
Our track team it can beat the state,
And they all flapped their wings and cried,
Bully for Alton High!
And they all flapped their wings and cried,
Oski Wow Wow!
Skinny Wow Wow!
Alton High Alton High!
Wow!!

Ever to Alton.

See where the Alton Banners fly,
Hark to the sound of tramping feet,
There is a host approaching nigh,
Alton is marching up the street.

Onward to victory again,
Marching with drum beat and with song,
Hear the refrain as it thunders along,
As it thunders along.

Behold, we come to view
And wave our colors true,
Whose arms are strong, whose hearts are true,
Ever to Alton—Ever to Alton.

Boola.

I.

Well, here we are! well, here we are!
Just watch us rolling up the score,
We'll leave those fellows so far behind
That they won't want to play us any more.
We've faith and hope in Dear Old High,
In her we cannot fail.
Well a boola boo, boola boola boo,
Boola boola boola boola boola boo.

REFRAIN:—Boola boola, boola boola, boola boola, boola boola
Just a cheer for Alton High School
Alton High School, Alton High.

II.

Well isn't it a shame, well isn't it a shame
To do those fellows up so bad,
We've done it before, we can do it once more,
Though they'll feel so very sad,
We'll roll the score so very high
That you will hear them sigh,
Boola boola boo, boola boola boo,
Boola boola boola boola boo.

REFRAIN:—

Strawberry short-cake,
Raspberry pie,
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y,
Are we in it?
Well, I guess,
Alton High School
Yes! Yes! Yes!

ATHLETIC



Football

Football Team

Center	Ryrie, '11
Right Guard	Smith, '12
Left Guard	Busse, '12; Fisher, '14; Connerly, '11
Right Tackle	Cuthbertson, '12; Hope, '13
Left Tackle	Weber, '13
Right End	Neff, '13; J. Heagler, '13
Left End	Cole, '11; Zerwekh, '12
Quarter Back	Taylor, '12; Gary, <i>Captain</i> , '11
Full Back	Ramp, '13; Ellison, '11
Right Half Back	Ellison, '11; E. Heagler, '11
Left Half Back	Perrin, '13; Cuthbertson, '12; Zerwekh, '12
	<i>Coach</i> , S. J. Moore.

Football Record for 1910

Games Played 9; Games Won 5; Games Lost 4

September 24, at Alton :		
Alton	3 vs. Edwardsville	0
October 1, at Alton :		
Alton	20 vs. Carrollton	0
October 8, at Greenfield :		
Alton	0 vs. Greenfield	24
October 12, at Alton :		
Alton	14 vs. Shurtleff Academy	0
October 15, at St. Louis :		
Alton	3 vs. Webster Groves	9
October 22, at Alton :		
Alton	5 vs. St. Charles	0
October 29, at Bunker Hill :		
Alton	12 vs. Bunker Hill	11
November 2, at Alton :		
Alton	0 vs. Upper Alton	11
November 12, at Alton :		
Alton	5 vs. Shurtleff	11

The Football Season of 1910



HE Football season was opened with the defeat of Edwardsville in a game played at Alton on September 24. With but two beginners, we carried off the victory with a score of 3-0. This, having aroused the boys' enthusiasm, made us eager for the second game which was played a week later.

October 1st we met Carrolton at Alton. The game was not exciting, but rather encouraging to us, as the score was 20-0.

The third and hardest game of the season was played with Greenfield High School at Greenfield. It was owing to the circumstances and the loss of our full-back and not to the skill of the Greenfield players that we owe our heavy defeat, 20-0.

On October 12 we played Shurtleff College. This, too, was a hard game, most of the players having been disabled in the preceding game. Nevertheless we were victorious with a score of 14-0.

On the 15th we went to St. Louis to play Webster Groves. The extreme heat and the loss of two of our best players were severe handicaps. We were defeated 3-9.

The following week we played St. Charles at Alton. The game was an equal match, neither team displaying any remarkable plays. The score was, Alton 3, St. Charles 0.

The next game was played at Bunker Hill, October 29. In the first quarter Alton scored two touchdowns, but after that Bunker Hill rallied and held us down. In the last half Bunker Hill scored two touchdowns, but failed to kick goal for one. Alton was victorious, 12-11.

November 2 we played Upper Alton. Upper Alton won an easy game by playing us when the team was disorganized. We were defeated 11-0.

The last game was played with Shurtleff. The Alton team played a good game but were handicapped by the weight of the other players and a few "ringers." Alton was defeated 5-11.

The season of 1910 has been successful inasmuch as we won five games. However, we are sorry to say that the season did not end as the years before, but rather to the contrary. Last year all expenses were paid and an old debt also, but this year the season ended with a very large debt. This is not the fault of the players, but is due to a lack of school spirit. We sincerely hope that greater interest will be taken in the next team so that no debt will hang on them as on us after the season.

WEARERS OF THE

A

Football

Gary, *Captain,*

Ryrie,

Connerly,

Weber,

Smith,

Perrin,

J. Heagler,

E. Heagler,

Neff.

Zerwekh, *Capt.-elect*

Ellison,

Fischer,

Cuthbertson,

Cole,

Hope,

Taylor,

Busse.

Baseball



THE BASEBALL season is not as encouraging as it has been some years. The lack of the necessary funds is a great factor, inasmuch as we can have no outside games without funds. Class games are being played which are arousing a good deal of interest among the boys.

The lineup of the two teams are as follows:

SENIORS.	POSITION.	JUNIORS.
E. Heagler, Riggs	Pitcher	Degenhardt
Gary, <i>Captain</i>	Catcher	Magee
Connerly	First Base	Fiedler, Barnes, Shine
Taylor	Second Base	McDonald, Perrin
E. Heagler	Third Base	Getsinger
J. Heagler	Shortstop	Hoefert
Busse	Right field	Connerly
Fischer	Center field	Poole, <i>Captain</i>
Neff	Left field	Davis, Dahlstrom

The first game of the series was played at Sportman's. Heagler and Gary, and Degenhardt and Magee were the batteries. The game ended with a score of 8-6 in favor of Senior-Sophomores.

The second game was not very exciting. Riggs pitched for the S-S and Degenhardt for the Juniors. Nine innings were played. The score was 10-5 in favor of the S-S.

The third game gave the Juniors some encouragement. Riggs and Degenhardt pitched again. It was an easy victory for the Juniors, the score being 12-4.

The fourth game was also a victory for the Juniors. It was a harder victory, which makes the Juniors feel more encouraged. The score was 13-12 in the Juniors' favor.

When the TATLER goes to press the classes are even. Seven games will be played in the series.

Physical Culture Class



HE beginning of the girls' gymnasium class dates back some six years when the first class was organized with about forty members. Indian club drills were the attraction, and for a time the members enjoyed these exercises immensely, but after flourishing for about two years, the girls' gymnasium class of Alton High School was a thing of the past.

Early in the Fall of the present school year, another class was organized under the direction of Miss McCarthy. The class is making good progress and promises to become a fixed and enthusiastic addition to the department for Physical Culture. The members have been very faithful and have derived a great deal of benefit as well as pleasure, out of the hours for training down in the "gym."

Miss McCarthy has devoted much time to the girls and deserves a great deal of credit. She has taught them some very attractive drills with Indian clubs and has instructed them in other gymnasium work. Those in the class this year are:

Helen Boals, Flora Broglie, Mildred Ford, Edna Gerbig, Alvira Haley, Grace Little, Elizabeth Martin, Rosalie O'Brien, Elizabeth Rose, Ruby Rosebery, Elva Weber, Lillian Weber, Eunice Whitney, Cora Wuerker.

A most cordial invitation is extended to all the girls in the Alton High School to join this class next year, and it is hoped that the class will be much larger next year.

"With faces grim, with eyes grown dim,
With fingers crippled and sore,
We write these lines, shut up our mines,
And close the sanctum door.
We've worked like mad to get our pad,
In spite of thrusts of quills,
We've done our best, Heaven give us rest,
And cash to pay our bills."



A. H. S. INFIRMARY

Dr. ELLISON, Head Physician

Patient	Nature of Illness	Prescription	Diet	Condition
Hearne	Simple minded	More sense	Raw eggs and lettuce	Hopeless
L. Taylor	Student's Cholera	More study	Mush	A slim chance
Smith	Overworked Brain	Less study	Candy	Critical
Grosh	Nonsense	A hammer and anvil	Bread and milk	Gradually worse
Getsinger	A bad case	Strolls	Love letters	Can't be cured
Scott	Hen Fever	A great many "stings"	Lemon and pickles	Critical
Forbes	Auto Fever	Grape-Nuts	Egg-Nog	Very feeble
J. Ryrie	An incurable disease	No more talks with G. K.	Bread and water	Gradually failing
Hyatt	Obesity	Long walk before breakfast	Tooth picks	A slim show
E. Heagler	Magnanimity	A good rub-down	Less study	Serious
Zerweh	Unexplainable	Long walks	Egg-o-sec	Mysterious
Woods	Smartness	More Latin	Soup	Hopeful
E. Taylor	Baseball Mad	More class-spirit	Potato chips on toast	No hope
Morfoot	Enlargement of Brain	No more study	Pretzels	Gradually becoming incurable
Cole	Somnambulism	Much sleep	More sleep	He rests well
Volz	Brevity	Stop growing	Shortening	Hopeless
Connerly	Irish	Total abstinence	Shamrocks	Still unremoved
M. Taylor	"Crush"ing	Plenty of paper	"Crushie's" letters	Gradually improving (?)
E. Tonsor	Gary Fever	Moonlight walks	Candy	Doubtful
E. Stafford	Timidness	Girls	Rag to chew	Hopeful

Shine	Infectious Distemper	Axe	Sardines	Just the same
M. Ryrle	A severe case of it	Love yourself a little more	Vinegar	Very hopeful
Riggs	Swelled Head	Good rub-down	E.C. Cornflakes	Hopeless
Burns	Lack of Gray Matter	Brain food	More study	Serious
Bockstruck	Historical	Books	Cheese	Interesting
D. Dahlstrom	} Dreaming	} Letters from W.M.A.	} Commencem't dance	} Not curable
T. Taylor				
D. Joesting				
G. Johnstone				
K Meriwether				
E. Leeper				
M. Floss				
M. Brown				
R. Dorsey				
Degenhardt				
Fischer	Slimness	Bread and sugar	Salt water	A fine chance
H. Holl	Cough	Go to bed early	Cough drops	A hopeless case
Perrin	Rooster Pox	Pratt's Food	Pickles	Gradually recovering
Stewart	Enlargement of Eye	Iodine	Raw meat	Serious
Stillwell	Ancestral Deficiency	Descendants	Air pudding	Some hope
D. Shaller	Imagination	Less Dreaming	Sour milk	Fatal
V. Reilly	Partnership	{ Don't see each other } so much	Toast	Hopeful

Dr. W. ELLISON, Head Physician.

Have You Ever Heard These?

- "Let the talking in the room cease."
"Be careful."
"This is not a conversational period."
"This talking must stop."
"Report at 3:30."
"Don't begin your conversational period, your next lesson has not been assigned!"
"Stop that talking."
"Books closed."
"John, you may pass back to the Assembly Hall."
"Have you permission to leave your seat?"
"I want to say a word or two about the excuses."
-

King Richardson gave a grand ball and invited his friends from far and near. Noted persons from across the sea came to this ball, which was to surpass any ever given.

Duchess Dobbs and Princess Gilmore represented the royal family of England.

Princesses Ferguson and Hutchinson represented "Der Vaterland" and also the good old Romans who considered it such an honor to be acquainted with Cæsar and Cicero. I suppose a few such people live yet.

Lady Bails, Lady Wempen and Sir King represented the "Mathematics Club of America."

Lady McCarthy and Lady Naylor came from the land of the Italians; Lady McCarthy representing England also in the earlier stages, and Lady Naylor representing commercial clubs.

Queen Rich came from the realms of the world which history has made famous.

Lord Bird and Baron Moore represented the scientific men of the time.

The party was very much enjoyed by all and as King Richardson wished them to remain as members of his court, they fill their posts of duty now.

Bits of Philosophy

No matter how hungry a horse is, he can't eat a bit.

A good way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in.

They say "love makes the world go round:"

And it may never cease.

Quite true, but please remember that

Money's the axle grease.

"To flunk is human; to pass divine."

"'Tis better to have loved a short man than never to have loved a tall."

"Some are great, and some are not so great."

An ounce of study is worth a pound of excuses.

A pun is a nuisance committed in the name of humor.

Blessed be the teacher who digresses, for the information he imparts endureth.

Home is naught without a mother,

Church is dull without a preacher,

Life is gray without a lover,

And class is joy without a teacher.

Women's faults are many,

But men have only two—

Everything they say, and

Everything they do.

The ways of the wise are smooth.

A pretty face often covers a multitude of poor recitations.

It's a wise Freshman who knows his own theme after it has been corrected.

Chasers of the Blues

Teacher in Physics: "Has the absolute zero been discovered yet?"

Smart Student: "Yes sir."

Teacher: "Where? I never heard of it."

Student (sadly): "On my card."

"Why is the Chemistry Lab. like a hospital?"

"Because there are so many operations going on all at once?"

"No; because there is so much poor doctoring going on that the teacher is losing his patients.

Teacher: "Do you know what becomes of foolishness?"

Pupil: "Oh, they become Sophomores."

Young traveling man to Arkansas farmer: "Have you lived here all your life?"

Farmer: "No, not yet."

Teacher (in 1st year German class): "Ralph, decline the expression, a beautiful maiden."

Ralph: "I can't decline a beautiful maiden."

A certain Senior (translating Virgil): "The Trojans retreated on their backs."

She: "Is my hat on straight?"

He: "No, one eye still shows."

Teacher: "What does furlough mean?"

Bobby: "Furlough means donkey."

Teacher: "What makes you think that?"

Bobby: "'Cause I saw a picture of a soldier riding a donkey, and just below it it said, 'Going home on his furlough'."

"Translate, The tree is becoming green."

Student: "Der Bauer wird grun."

Teacher: "What is the difference between to behold and to see?"

Bright Student: "The spelling."

A Nutty Verse

'Twas a dark and stormy night.
And the sun was shining bright;
The young man's lips were sealed,
But he cried with all his might—
"Shoot and kill me if you will,
But spare, good friend, my life,"
So the villain shot and killed him,
But he did it with a knife.

A fair young maid came down the path,
Her form was bent with years,
Her face was full of gladness,
And her eyes were full of tears.
She recognized the dying man,
And cried aloud, "Who is he?"
He lifted his unconscious form,
And said, "Be gosh, it's Lizzy."

Miss H. (in 1st Ger.): "What is meant by fencing?"

H. L.: "Jumping over a fence."

"The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse," quoth the preacher.

Voice from rear: "Is that why the Cats-kill mountains?"

Mary had a little rat,
 She put it in her hair,
And everywhere that Mary went
 It peeped out here and there.

Mary had a little skirt,
 Tied tightly with a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
 She simply couldn't go.

Mary had a little foot,
 She put it in a shoe,
And everywhere that Mary went,
 The little shoe went too.

Hear a little music,
 Have a little chat,
Make a little chocolate fudge,
 Then go and get your hat;
Say, you've had a jolly time,
 As she waves her fan.
Now, isn't that exciting sport
 To tempt a healthy man?

I shot a sparrow in the air,
 It fell to earth
I knew not where;
 But judging from this quail on toast,
 Here is my sparrow or its ghost.

The Babies' Convention

Program

- Address of Welcome, S. J. Moore
- Vocal Solo—"I Want My Mama," Irene Fries
- Reading—"The Honest Way to get Algebra Problems,"
Margaret Molir
- Nasal Quartet—"Why I Always Study,"
George Dahlstrom, John Doxsey,
Henry Kramer, Harold Hoefert.
- Composition—"My New Shoes," Bertha Luer
- Recitation—"Mama Curled My Hair," Mae Ohnsorg
- Soprano Solo—"I'm Afraid of the Dark," Harold Meyers
- Essay—"High School Antiquities (Seniors)," Marjorie McKenny
- Jig—"Trot, Trot to Boston," Otto Connerly
- Extemporaneous Debate—"Resolved, that the Seniors should
Treat us with Greater Respect."
Affirmative—Clarence McMullen, Arthur Beneze.
Negative—Margaret Brown, Elsie Hartmann.

LIGHT REFRESHMENTS CONSISTING OF
MILK
SERVED IN BOTTLES.

- Tenor Solo—"I Won't Play with You any More." Harry Schlag
- Club Song—"Mama, Papa, Milk."

Riddles Answered

When has Shine four hands? When he doubles his fists.

When is the best time to laugh? When the teacher does.

When is it safest to have a good time? When the teacher isn't looking.

A tooter who tooted the flute,
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tooters to toot."

Flunkers, Attention!

RECIPE FOR FLUNKS.

Take a string of bluffs, stir in one pound of thin excuses, add a few class parties, sift in a little time for athletic enthusiasm, flavor well with moon-light bottled during evening strolls, boil well, stir before using, and served hot at the end of each term. H. S.

Courtship Cake.

A RELIABLE RECIPE.

A pretty girl, one sly glance, a pair of sweet brown eyes, an introduction, one call, one sofa, 4 hands well squeezed, one stroll, one moon, 4 lips well pressed after a few words are spoken, one wedding ring, and a preacher. This recipe is an experienced one.

R. L. B.

Miss Ferguson (in Latin 3²). "Lelia, what does *nee* join?"

L. B.: "The head and the body."

Lost to sight and memory, dear E's, by most of us.

The Pilgrims were our pious fathers who first landed on their knees and then on the aborigines.

Wouldn't you be astonished if—

Lillian ceased to call Hermon "My Bede?"

The Freshmen ceased to get lost in the corridors?

Mr. King sang during morning exercises?

Courtney forgot to go to play-practice when he knew Eunice would be there?

Miss Rich stopped giving demerits?

Certain Juniors behaved during morning services?

Mr. Moore forgot to caution anyone in the Assembly Room, 1st. hr. in the afternoon?

Taylor forgot to visit Seniorville?

Crush List.

Lillian.....	"Bede"
Helen.....	"Ted"
Edith.....	Rex
Tula.....	"Irish"
Gertrude.....	"Candy John"
Elizabeth.....	(?)
Hazel.....	"Stille"
Theo.....	Fred
Mary Adams.....	P. Z.
Helen.....	Torrey
Bess.....	John
(?).....	Courtney
Helen.....	Edgar

Now please don't be at all offended,

By what I here have writ,

For if you had to this attended

You surely would have quit.

Finis



NOW as the TATLER goes to press we extend our heart-felt thanks to those who have assisted in making our book, which we should have had more time to publish, a success; Mr. Kopp, who has done his best for our benefit; Barnes-Crosby, our engravers, who have always been so kind and courteous in all their dealings; the Junior play cast, who worked as hard, if not harder, than we have for the necessary money; the members of the school, who have been so good about doing work for the editor; the subscription committees, who have worked hard to make a success of this book; and lastly to Mr. Richardson, whose assistance was necessary to publish this book.

THE TATLER STAFF.



